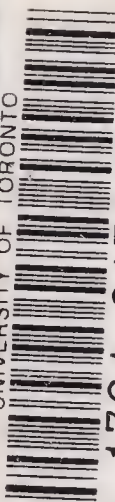
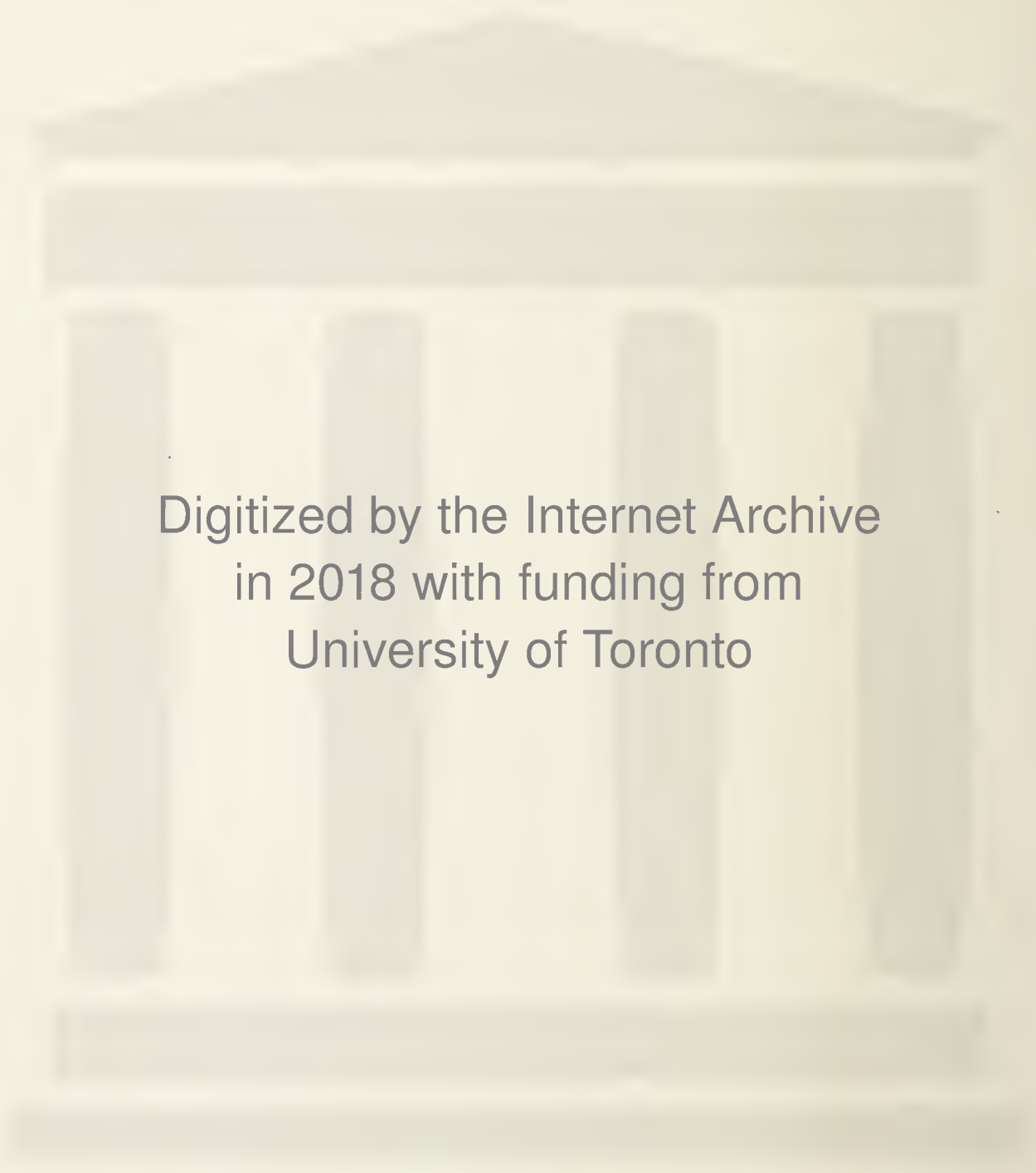


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CORNELL STUDIES IN ENGLISH

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VOLUME XXV

CHARLES KINGSLEY

BY

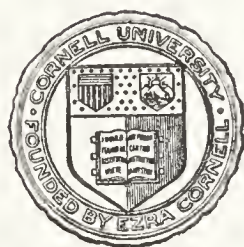
STANLEY E. BALDWIN

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CHARLES KINGSLEY

BY
STANLEY E. BALDWIN, PH.D.

Professor of English, Colgate University



ITHACA • NEW YORK
CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

1934

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Printed in the United States of America
GEORGE BANTA PUBLISHING COMPANY, MENASHA, WISCONSIN

PREFACE

IT IS STRANGE that there has not been brought into one volume an adequate appreciation of Charles Kingsley and his work. He was a true representative of his age, for by reason of his sympathetic nature he gathered to himself those influences and modes of thought that chiefly characterized the Victorian period. He lived and wrought in a time of transformation of society, and in reacting upon his generation he dealt with problems many of which are still unsettled, though their forms differ somewhat from that of Kingsley's day—the relations of employer and employee, the dole system, Christian Socialism, the home and civilization, the Anglo-Catholic Movement, the harmony of religion and science. Probably no other man of the Victorian period wrought in more varied fields than did Charles Kingsley, who, in serving his own generation, served no one knows how many generations to come.

The purpose of this book is to present an account of the social, economic, and religious problems that Kingsley faced, and an appreciation of his work in meeting those problems, especially as an author.

The writer desires to express his indebtedness to the editors of the Studies for help in editing and proofreading.

STANLEY E. BALDWIN.

HAMILTON, NEW YORK,
May, 1933.

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CHARLES KINGSLEY

I

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

IN THE LETTERS which his wife gave to the world two years after his death, we can see how in Charles Kingsley exquisite tenderness and passionate idealism were fused into an ecstatic strain. It was this power to feel that made him a poet and reformer, guided him in his unique career, and did more than anything else to enshrine him in English hearts. For over a quarter of a century he was a prominent and picturesque figure in English society. Against any wrong that he believed should be righted he flung himself with fearless abandon; and his career was one of political, social, and religious controversy—a strenuous and enthusiastic championship of the cause of those depressed by ignorance or poverty.

He believed that his work as a novelist supplemented his work in the pulpit, and while this conception of the office of fiction has doubtless condemned some of his novels to a temporary life, it added to them a corresponding force for their own day. Before we can fully appreciate these novels we must know something of his life, his work, and the influences that affected his career. Out of the scenes that surrounded him as a boy, out of the influences that moulded him in youth, and out of the experiences that he encountered as a priest, came the characters, the scenes, the plots, and the purpose of his books.

Kingsley's father, also named Charles, had been reared

as a country gentleman. At the age of thirty he decided to seek orders in the Church, and though educated at Harrow and Oxford, he went, with his young wife, for a second time to college, entering Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to read theology. From his father Kingsley inherited his sporting tastes, his love of art, and his fighting spirit.

Kingsley's mother was born in the West Indies, the daughter of Nathan Lucas of Norfolk, then serving as judge in Barbadoes. She was a woman of great tenderness, vivid imagination, and strong poetic temperament, keenly alive to all the charm of sights and sounds of nature. His maternal grandfather was given to scientific study, and probably through his mother he inherited not only his poetic temperament but also his bent for natural science.

After a first charge in the fens of Lincolnshire, Mr. Kingsley soon removed to Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, where Charles was born on June 12, 1819. Upon leaving Holne, Mr. Kingsley became curate at Clifton in Nottinghamshire, and while he was there the bishop of Peterborough offered him the living at Barnack, four miles from Stamford, Northamptonshire, to hold for his son, then seventeen years of age. For the next six years the Kingsleys lived at Barnack, and though Charles was but eleven years of age when his father relinquished the cure to his successor, the richness of the fen scenery was never obliterated from his memory. The wild life of the then undrained fens, the gorgeous sunsets, made striking by the wide sweep of horizon, the whole charm of that low, flat scenery planted within him the seeds of the future story of *Hereward the Wake*.

Picturesque as the fen country was in those days, however, it was not conducive to health, and at the advice of his friends Mr. Kingsley removed his family to Ilfracombe in Devonshire, a spot to which the novelist later returned while writing what developed into *Alton Locke*, and which he also described so well in *Westward Ho!*

The parents with their poetic natures entered with enthusiasm into the boy's delight, for the unique scenery of Devonshire, the impressionable character of the people, the hearty and courageous life of the men and boys, the deep sympathy of the women in the wild life of their husbands and sons, cast a romantic charm over their parish work. Mr. Kingsley's influence was the stronger for the proof he gave his humble people that he feared no danger and was physically able to match them in steering a boat, hoisting a sail, or hauling a seine. It was no artificial exercise of devotion which the rector conducted at the wharf whenever the herring fleet put out to sea, for the whole neighborhood, knit together by the common dangers, entered heartily into the singing from the Hymnal. A real transcript of such a scene Kingsley penned years later, in his "Song of the Three Fishers," the refrain of which,

For men must work and women must weep,

lingers in the minds of many to whom its author is unknown. Here in this beautiful country the love of nature grew with him as a natural instinct, moulded him into a poet, and finally overflowed in such spontaneous enthusiasm as to make the whole countryside live before the reader of *Westward Ho!*

In 1836 Mr. Kingsley exchanged the country life of Clovelly for the rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea. Charles now became a day student at King's College, London. The London rectory with its ceaseless round of parish activities, the polemical conversation of the middle class society that frequented the rectory, the monotonous parish committee meetings in his home, the conventional labors which kept both his parents busy from morning to night, chafed the boy's spirit, and made Chelsea seem more like a prison than a home. Nevertheless, he looked upon the dull and prosaic period of his life at Chelsea in a different light when once

he had decided upon the ministry as his life work, and reflection on what he had scorned as a boy contributed material which he afterward used in *Alton Locke*.

After two years at King's College, London, Charles was entered in 1838 at Magdalene College, Cambridge, where in the spring examinations he took first prize in classics and mathematics. He worked by spurts, and at times very hard, but spent his days largely in the enjoyment of fishing, shooting, riding, boating, and card-playing. This period of his career is especially interesting, for in it he suffered an inward development of mind and character and a spiritual experience amounting to a conversion; he adopted ideas and formed a tone of thought which were henceforth to direct his words and his work.

In the summer of 1839 the rector of Chelsea went for a vacation to the village of Checkenden, in Oxfordshire, with his wife and children, then four boys and a girl. In that summer Charles met his future wife, Fanny Grenfell, the youngest daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, M.P.

The time of his undergraduate days was one of much political, social, and religious excitement. The Chartist agitation made all England fearful of a revolution; strange social and religious ideas were fermenting in the minds of all, conditions Kingsley refers to in the title of his first novel, *Yeast*; the Oxford *Tracts* were being published; and at both Cambridge and Oxford discussions were being held that were tantamount to moral disturbance. Kingsley could not escape the doubts and unbeliefs that beset a growing mind as it emerges from unreasoning credulity. He revolted from what he termed the "bigotry, cruelty, and quibbling" of the Athanasian Creed—which, incidentally, later became to him a stronghold of faith. Mrs. Kingsley makes much of the quite natural mental throes of his undergraduate period; but in spite of the spiritual turbulence in which Mrs. Kingsley places her husband, when she speaks of him as being

then "full of religious doubts," his earlier letters and poetic attempts give no proof of it; they show rather a careless religious attitude without any attempt to align his Christian views with the dogmas upon which he had been reared. The letters indeed suggest that the influence of the charming young lady who later became his wife brought him back to some semblance of orthodoxy and inspired in him the high conception of duty in the clerical office. Her gentle influence clarified the spiritual lens through which he viewed the world, and the impress of her personality is seen on every page he gave to the world in the form of literature.

At first intending to study law, he had entered his name at Lincoln's Inn. During the spring of 1841, however, he decided on the ministry, and under date of June 12, 1841, he writes:

My birth-night; I have been for the last hour on the sea-shore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God; a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled.

In this letter is seen all that Kingsley stood for so valiantly in his later career. When he once committed himself it was straight forward march. He never lacked in zeal even when many considered him deficient in discretion. Once pledged to the Church, he regarded all her critics as his foes; all who did not yield full allegiance to his own Church of England were dangerous adversaries to whom no quarter should be given. His strong adherence to the national Church blinded him to the better qualities and honest purposes of all the dissenting bodies and even to the better features of the Catholic faith. The hasty judgment which nearly a quarter of a century later drew him into controversy with Newman is indicated in a letter which he wrote to his mother from Cambridge under date of June 23, 1841:

I have been reading *The Edinburgh Review* (April, 1841), on No. 90 of the *Tracts for the Times*, and wish I could transcribe every word and send it to ——. Whether willful or self-deceived, these men are Jesuits, taking the oath to the Articles with moral reservations which allow them to explain them away in senses utterly different from those of their authors. All the worst doctrinal features of Popery Mr. Newman professes to believe in.

This was his standing-ground through all of his ministry, whether from the pulpit or from the pen, and however prejudiced his polemics, they were always based on a manly reverence for the cardinal virtue of truthfulness. His Cambridge days moulded and predestined his career.

On July 10, 1842, Kingsley was ordained to the curacy of Eversley in Hampshire, and entered with characteristic earnestness upon his life's work. The parish was in a run-down condition; its religious and educational state is described as scandalous, while most of its buildings were dilapidated. Few among the laboring class could read, and the children were leaving school at nine or ten. Kingsley believed that the priest contained a man and something over, viz, his priesthood, and that if the priest showed himself no man he showed himself all the more no priest. Nothing, therefore, which belonged to manly duty could be unclerical. He desired to show that he was neither "a spooney Methodist nor an effeminate ascetic," and to this end he was ready to match his physical powers against theirs, either in work or in play. Kingsley, whose forbears had been soldiers for many generations, saw his duties through the eyes of a warrior. In the discharge of those duties he brought to bear courage, common sense, and refined reason.

In the spring of 1844 he married, and shortly afterward he was appointed to the rectory of this same parish. His hold upon every soul in his parish was remarkable, for the children felt as much at home in his presence as did their elders. His preaching was free from abstractions; his colloquial speech, to which Dr. Sumner, then bishop of Winchester,

objected when Kingsley was ordained, was of a pattern suited to the needs of his country parishioners, and drew them in such numbers as to fill the old church that had long been empty.

This remarkable hold on his people had its source not only in what he did but in some measure in what he refrained from doing. He loved to hunt, but would not, because he knew the poaching inclinations of his people and feared that he might be brought into some unpleasant collision with them. Similarly he refused to be made a magistrate lest he should sit in judgment on some member of his parish. But, though he did not hunt, he did not hesitate to make friends with all who were connected with the kennels and stables of Sir John Cope. The men respected his self-denial, for they knew that no one in the parish had a better knowledge of horsemanship than their parson. His love of horses and dogs and his horsemanship led to intimacy and affection, so that when the time for confirmation came, the "stud-groom, a man of thirty-five, was among the first to come, bearing a message from the whips and stablemen that they had all been confirmed once, but that if Mr. Kingsley wished it they would all be glad to appear again."

The work Kingsley did at Eversley was one needed throughout England's rural parishes; the land-owners and the clergy needed to be awakened to their duties. No fanciful dream but first-hand experience of the facts led Kingsley to issue his challenge and warning in the form of *Yeast*.

Later in the year 1844 Kingsley made the acquaintance of Frederick Denison Maurice, whose writings he already knew, and whose influence was such a strong factor in his career that a larger space will be reserved for its discussion.

The rector of Eversley spent the next year quietly at home, but the condition of the parties in Church and State lay heavily upon his heart. Though menacing clouds gathered over the land and passed without bursting, it became ap-

parent to him that something like a national reformation was needed to save England from decay. Kingsley desired to start a magazine for the expression of such thoughts as were disturbing the minds of the young men of his day. On this he consulted Maurice, who, however, did not see his way clear to share the undertaking. Writing to his friend Mr. Powles under date of December 11, 1845, he says:

Nobody trusts nobody. The clergy are split up into innumerable parties, principally nomadic. Everyone afraid to speak. Everyone unwilling to listen to his neighbour; and in the meantime vast sums are spent, and vast work undertaken, and yet nobody is content. Everybody swears we are going backward. Everybody swears it is not his fault, but the Evangelicals, or the Puseyites, or the Papists, or the ministry; or everybody, in short, who does not agree with him. . . . And Popery and Puritanism seem to be fighting their battle over again in England, on the foul middle ground of mammonite infidelity. They are reappearing in weaker and less sincere forms, but does that indicate the approach of their individual death, or our general decay? He who will tell me this shall be my prophet; till then I must be my own.

We have here indicated the line of action which was to mark the subsequent career of Kingsley in his controversial frays, and one of the great underlying purposes of all his novels. A year later he is writing to the same friend his belief that there is imminent a crisis, political and social, in which religion like a rootless plant will be swept away. The English clergy, he says, must Arnoldize if they do not wish to go either to Rome or to the workhouse, and he again urges the founding of a magazine that shall have two mottoes, viz, "Anti-Manichaeism (and therefore Anti-Tractarian and Anti-Evangelical) and Anti-Atheism." Though the magazine came to nothing, Kingsley never lost his purpose, and we find the theme running through his pamphlets and articles, and in all his novels.

Since 1842 Kingsley had been writing the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and in 1847 he conceived the idea

of giving the composition a dramatic form. He had not thought of having it published, but after showing it to friends in whom he had confidence, he at last gave it to the press, Maurice providing a preface. In *The Saint's Tragedy*, the name given to the drama, Kingsley takes his stride, which he keeps up in all his later productions. He tells the story of St. Elizabeth in order to show the evils of asceticism with the resultant evils which it brings to family life, and to show how the very affections and natural impulses which ought to have made Elizabeth happy worked only for her misery, forcing her finally to see in her abnegation only a form of selfishness. Readers of this obviously Protestant polemic saw in it a shaft aimed at the Tractarians. Appearing in 1848, the most momentous year of Kingsley's life, it made little stir in the literary world, but it aroused something of a tempest at Oxford, where it was eagerly read and attacked by the High Church party.

The political events which shook all Europe in 1848 agitated the mind of Kingsley as he considered the turbulent state of his own land. He followed the publication of *The Saint's Tragedy* with an article for *Fraser's Magazine* under the title, "Why Should We Fear the Romish Priests?" He preached to his people on poaching, on emigration, and on the political and social disturbances of the day. He made the acquaintance of men to whom he was ever after bound by the closest ties of friendship: Thomas Hughes, James Anthony Froude, John Ludlow, Arthur Helps, Archdeacon Hare. This little group gathered around Maurice and discussed the turbulent condition. If the Oxford *Tracts* worked wonders why should not a new set of *Tracts for the Times* do the same? The Chartist Movement greatly interested him, and he wrote a placard addressed to the "Workmen of England," which was posted over London two days after the movement culminated in defeat and disappointment for the Chartists. He wrote many articles as "Parson Lot," a so-

briquet suggested by his own remark, when in a meeting of promoters he found himself in a minority of one and jestingly said that he felt much as Lot must have felt in the Cities of the Plain when "he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law." He used the name in *Politics for the People*, *The Christian Socialist*, and *The Journal of Association*, three periodicals to which he contributed from 1848 to 1852; and later also in *Alton Locke* and in the famous tract, *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*. The burden of his teaching was that the workingmen must emancipate themselves from the tyranny of their own social arrangements and of their own vices before they could prove themselves worthy of the Charter. Though he consistently discouraged every form of violence and illegality, the great majority of respectable people considered it shameful for a clergyman of the Church of England to enter into amicable relations with those they considered revolutionists and firebrands. Kingsley indeed laid himself open to criticism when he needlessly stood up in a Chartist meeting and began a speech with: "I am a Church of England parson, and a Chartist." To the average mind in England he thus allied himself with dangerous fanatics; in reality he was but expressing his deep sympathy for the poor in their aspirations to lift themselves to a higher level by legitimate means and through the definite appeal to juster laws.

Yeast, which in this same year made its first appearance in instalments in *Fraser's Magazine*, caused much stir throughout the land. It had been seething in Kingsley's mind for some time. He had been appointed to the position of professor of literature at Queen's College, London, and this work, added to his social activities in London and his own parish labors at Eversley, with the writing of many tracts, pamphlets, and elaborate letters in reply to folk of all sorts asking his advice, and the completion of *Yeast*, wore heavily upon his strength. The close of the year found him taking

an enforced rest at Ilfracombe. During this period he conceived the idea of writing the autobiography of a Cockney poet; in the autumn of 1849 this developed into *Alton Locke*, and was published the next year.

The author returned to his parish to face a terrible epidemic of cholera. The parishioners were frightened; doctors and nurses were scarce; the rector had in many cases to do the work of doctor, nurse, and priest. He had not fully regained his health, and these worries and the attendant strain once more caused a complete breakdown. It was this experience that started Kingsley on his campaign for sanitary reform, a subject which never ceased to have its interest for him even after he became more conservative in his political views and less active in other social and philanthropic lines.

During the summer of 1851, along with two other clergymen of renown, Kingsley was invited by the incumbent of one of the London churches to deliver a lecture to the workmen who came up to see the Great Exhibition then being held in London. He took for his subject "The Message of the Church to the Laboring Man," and in the discourse took precisely that view of the subject which everyone who had read his books would expect him to take. There was nothing new, nothing dangerous or inflammatory in his utterance, and it was listened to with rapt attention to the close. As he was about to pronounce the benediction, the incumbent rose in the reading desk; while there was much truth in what the preacher had said, he found it his painful duty to say that he believed there was also much that was dangerous and untrue. It was an intense moment. Kingsley made no reply, though he was denounced in the papers as the "Apostle of Socialism" and forbidden by the bishop of London to preach further in the diocese. He replied to the bishop most respectfully begging him to suspend judgment until he had read the sermon in question. A copy was sent to the bishop,

who soon wrote to Kingsley, asking him to come up to London for a conference. The prohibition was immediately withdrawn and within a fortnight Kingsley preached in the parish church at Chelsea. The nervous excitement engendered by this unusual episode, however, necessitated another rest, and he went with his parents for a season to Germany. While staying in the beautiful Rhineland he gathered material which later found its way into *Two Years Ago*.

The following year found him so invigorated that he worked at Eversley without a curate. The Cooperative Movement was going on in London, and though he could not find time to go to the city, he was busy with his pen in its interest. His letters at this time show that he was no "encourager of violent measures or views," while they reveal keen interest in the cause of reform and the amelioration of the laboring man's condition. He produced in this year *Phaeton*, in which he endeavored to meet those doubts which he regarded as the vanguard of assault upon religion. At the same time *Hypatia* was appearing monthly in *Fraser's Magazine*; the next year it came out in book form and in some quarters made him even more enemies than *Yeast*. There were thousands who believed him a strange kind of person, as, indeed, he was, for that day. He certainly had no fear of public opinion or of Mrs. Grundy. He was an unconventional parson; but if there has been an improvement in the conception of the ministerial office over that of three generations ago, much of the credit for the modern emphasis on the whole man as minister undoubtedly belongs to Charles Kingsley. Nothing that was human or that touched human life was alien to his sympathy; and if that does not impress us today as unusual, it is because for several decades we have regarded the "sacred calling" in the unconventional light in which Kingsley placed it.

For some time the clergy of all parties in the Church stood aloof from him as a dangerous person. The religious press

was unceasing in its attacks. The clergyman who brought religion to bear upon human needs in *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, and *Hypatia* found the pulpits of both High and Low Church closed against him. The winter and spring of 1854 he spent quietly on the coast of Devonshire, playing with his children, exploring the shore, collecting and classifying shells and sea treasures, and making notes for what later in the year developed into *Glaucus*, in which he gives us some of his best thoughts on theology as connected with the Transmutation Theory and the vestiges of creation.

As the years passed, Kingsley slackened his zeal for political reform and devoted his influence to sanitary science and the enfranchisement of men's bodies from disease and dirt with their inevitable consequences of sin and misery, the theme he had so strongly stressed in *Yeast*, in *Alton Locke*, and in *Two Years Ago*. In the year 1859 he was busy lecturing in different institutions on the laws of health, and at Willis's Rooms, before the Ladies' National Sanitary Association, he delivered a speech that afterward had wide circulation and much influence, under the title "The Massacre of the Innocents." Kingsley never lost his interest in this subject and in the year before he died published his volume, *Health and Education*.

On Palm Sunday, 1859, Kingsley preached at Buckingham Palace before the Queen and the Prince Consort, and shortly afterward he was made a chaplain in ordinary to Her Majesty. From that time he became the recipient of royal kindness, and with court favor there came a cessation of attacks by the press. On May 9, 1860, he received a letter from Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, asking if he was willing to undertake the duties of professor of modern history at Cambridge, which post, with some diffidence, he accepted.

The inaugural lecture as professor of modern history at Cambridge, entitled "The Limits of Exact Science as Ap-

plied to History," was delivered in the crowded Senate House on November 12, and was listened to with profound attention. This address, with a course given to upwards of a hundred students, entitled "The Roman and the Teuton," is all that we have from his hand as a result of his nine years as professor of modern history. These lectures called for close examination of evidence, and into them Kingsley put his best powers. It is generally agreed, however, that these powers were not equal to the task, not so much because of inaccuracy as of a want of insight into historic method. This he himself realized; "I am not here," he said, "to teach history—no man can do that; but to teach you to teach it." This did not prevent him from saying further that his popularity as a teacher was even more of a satire upon Cambridge than anything he had written about the University in *Alton Locke*. His lecture room was always crowded, and he induced many of the students to study original authorities on his subjects. Whether as professor or author, the man behind the message was an inspiration to the youth whom he touched.

In April, 1869, resigning his professorship, he left Cambridge, deeply regretted by the young men whom he had inspired in his classes. His lectures had been attended not so much by historical students as by enthusiastic young men attracted by his unique personality, his moral earnestness, his charm of diction, and his fervid imagination. His inaugural lecture had obviously placed him as a literary stylist rather than as a historian; yet for nine years he had been an inspiring teacher.

Though he was highly respected as a man by his colleagues, it is doubtful if they felt any great pangs of regret at his relinquishing an office which both he and they felt he was not naturally suited to hold. In *The Leaves of the Tree*, Arthur C. Benson, a fellow of Magdalene College,

Cambridge, records an incident that expresses in few words the estimate of his colleagues:

What was felt by the more cynical academical persons on his retirement is best expressed by an epigram of the late Master of Trinity, Dr. Thompson, who attended the Inaugural Lecture of Kingsley's successor, Professor Seeley, whose genius the Master hopelessly underrated. The Master sat through the lecture with an air of supreme contempt and, on going out, said to a friend, with an air of gentle compassion, "Dear, dear, who would have thought that we should so soon have been regretting poor Kingsley!"

In 1863 Kingsley was made a fellow of the Geological Society, an honor which he greatly prized. He had been proposed for the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, but the hostility he had aroused by his writings against the Tractarian Movement, which had its source in Oxford, enabled the High Church party to cause his rejection for this distinction. Kingsley was one of the private chaplains to the Prince of Wales, and as this year the Prince and Princess of Wales were honoring the Oxford Commemoration with their presence, His Royal Highness, according to custom, sent in previously the names, including Kingsley's, of those on whom he wished the University to bestow the degree of D.C.L. Kingsley had many warm friends at Oxford at that time, among whom were Max Müller and Dean Stanley (then canon of Christ Church), and who doubtless could have brought about a majority vote in his favor. The High Church party, however, defended their opposition by an attack on *Hypatia*, which they thought calculated to encourage young men in profligacy and false doctrine. Had the vote in convocation carried in his favor it would not have been unanimous, and the threat was made of "non placet" in the theater at the time of conferring the degree. Under the circumstances his friends wished to propose his name again, but Kingsley replied that until the imputation of immorality

was withdrawn from *Hypatia* he could not accept the honor even in prospect. Three years later, when invited by the bishop of Oxford, he refused, on the same grounds, to preach at the University.

During this year and through part of the next Kingsley suffered from a long illness induced by over-work, and his medical adviser urged on him an entire rest and change of air. His brother-in-law, James Anthony Froude, was making a business trip to Spain, and persuaded Kingsley to accompany him. Though he set out on the journey, he was unable to continue. He remained for a time at Biarritz, taking the journey by easy stages to Marseilles and then on to Lyons. To that journey we owe the prose idyll, "From Ocean to Sea." Neither the sea breezes nor the mountain air brought any permanent improvement to his health. Over a year later (May 21, 1865) he writes to Thomas Hughes:

I am getting better after fifteen months of illness, and I hope to be of some use again some day: a sadder and a wiser man, the former at least I grow every year.

The wretched state of his health should not be offered as a palliation of the blunder which led him into the famous controversy with Dr. Newman, yet it ought not to be forgotten in considering this unfortunate incident. Kingsley was brought into a dispute with a man whose moral character was unimpeachable, but whose writings and their resultant issues had led many to follow him into the Roman Church. In an address, delivered in the latter part of 1863, Kingsley, always seeking a chance for a thrust at the Catholic Church, had said that truth for its own sake was not always considered a virtue with the Roman Catholic Church, as Dr. Newman could testify. It was this assertion of Kingsley's that began the quarrel. In the letters and pamphlets which followed, Kingsley, pressed for the facts, cited Newman's sermon on "Wisdom and Innocence," wherein Newman

warns his hearers that in proportion as they are earnest and sincere they will be misunderstood and even persecuted in this world. He reminds them that even Christ was called a deceiver and that the Apostle Paul was exposed to the same imputation. If these were so tried, surely their disciples need not expect to escape; and Newman goes on to tell them that their innocence will be a match for the wisdom of the world. He maintains that they can defend themselves in certain subdued and passive ways; and from this statement Kingsley had inferred that Newman taught that "truth for its own sake is not a virtue." Kingsley openly took Newman's expressed astonishment at such an interpretation as a denial of the meaning he had placed upon Newman's words. His apology was no apology at all; for in withdrawing his interpretation he did not withdraw the implication of dishonesty which it had first conveyed. He could not substantiate the statement and yet could not bring himself to retract its full import.

We are told by Mrs. Kingsley that the information conveyed to her husband, that Newman was in ill health and depressed, worked upon Kingsley's sympathy in the early part of the controversy and induced him to make such withdrawal as he could without surrendering his conviction on the subject, and that the point Kingsley wished to raise was not the personal integrity of Newman but whether the Roman priesthood was encouraged to pursue truth for its own sake. Kingsley recognized the fact that he could not match Newman's subtleties in debate, but he never felt that the general position which he had taken against the policy of the Roman Church was at all shaken.

This controversy was not occasioned by a sudden whim of Kingsley. During his Cambridge days, on reading Newman's Tract No. 90, he had declared that Newman professed to believe in "the worst features of Popery." The charge which brought on the controversy is, in substance,

contained in this hasty judgment of the student. The charge that Newman read new and unwarranted meanings into the Thirty-nine Articles could be accepted only by those who believed in literal interpretation of any document as written for its particular age. For those who believed that succeeding ages need new interpretation, consonant with new conditions, such literal adherence to the document meant an intolerable slavery. Succeeding stages of history reveal new adjustments to ancient creeds, even in the constitutional documents of governments. New meaning is being constantly poured into ancient forms, and the scope of words is being enlarged by the advent of new experience. Fundamentally there was justification in Newman's attitude, as no more subversive of truth than Kingsley's final acceptance of the Athanasian Creed (which he had for years scornfully denounced) and his holding to Darwin's theory of evolution. Indeed, this is the position which we find Kingsley taking for himself, in a letter to Maurice written after the controversy (May 18, 1865):

For myself, I can sign the Articles in their literal sense *toto corde*, and subscription is no bondage to me, and so I am sure can you. But all I demand is, that, in signing the Articles, I shall be understood to sign them and nothing more; that I do not sign anything beyond the words, and demand the right to put my construction on the words, answerable only to God and my conscience, and refusing to accept any sense of the words, however popular and venerable, unless I choose. In practice, Gorham and Pusey both do this, and nothing else, whenever it suits them. I demand that I shall have just the same liberty as they, and no more.

That Newman's subtlety led him further than most practical minds would go there can be no doubt. An example of such misleading subtlety is seen in his *Historical Sketches*, where he says of Jerome:

I do not scruple to say that, were he not a saint, there are words and ideas in his writings from which I should shrink; but as he is a saint, I shrink with greater reason from putting myself in opposition,

even in minor matters and points of detail, to one who has the magisterium of the Church pledged to his saintly perfection. I cannot, indeed, force myself to approve or like these particulars on my private judgment or feeling; but I can receive them on faith against both the one and the other. And I readily and heartily do take on faith these characteristics, words, or acts of this great doctor of the universal Church, and think it not less acceptable to God or to him to give him my religious homage than my human praise.

If arguing about this passage, Kingsley might well have asked what kind of spacious freedom Newman here invited his Protestant friends to expect in the Roman Church; he might indeed have had some ground for suggesting that Newman had contracted moral color-blindness through over-exercise of dialectic jugglery. Such statements as this led Huxley to say that "a primer of infidelity" could be made out of the writings of Newman.

Kingsley had long been on the scent of something wrong in Newman, but his sense was not sharp enough to pick it up. In the *Apologia* we can see that reason played a very subordinate part in the formation of Newman's convictions. It is a frank and moving history of a mystic nature moulded by feeling and intuition into convictions which he attempted to bolster up by subtlety. His very position was an unhappy one, and there appear in his letters at that time a sadness, an irritation, and a pique that account for his becoming a recluse. Newman found in Kingsley's unguarded word the opportunity which he had sought for a score of years. He had been misread and mistrusted by a whole nation frowning suspiciously on a mental pilgrimage quite alien to its understanding. Kingsley had given him his chance to speak out, and he spoke not to his immediate opponent but to that larger public whose ear he had long hoped to attract. Kingsley was not the only man of his day who found sophistry in the thought and method of Newman; his great mistake was one of strategy which brought upon him a controversy

in which his only weapon was a bludgeon. Had Kingsley said that officials of the Roman Church had practised lying, he might have been able better to defend his statement. That the Roman Church taught lying is quite another thing, and one which it would have taken keener powers than those which Kingsley possessed to prove.

It has been well said that there was perhaps never a more conspicuous case of a game in which one player held all the trumps and the other took all the tricks. Had Kingsley taken the right position at the outset, his question "What then does Dr. Newman mean?" would not have been so easily turned to the advantage of his opponent. We might well conjecture the outcome had Huxley been Newman's opponent instead of Kingsley. He would not have been caught as was Kingsley in his initial step; perhaps the controversy would have gone no further; and Kingsley would not have been the unwilling occasion of the enrichment of English literature, through Newman's inimitable *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.

CANON OF CHESTER AND OF WESTMINSTER

Kingsley's literary output during the days he served as professor of modern history at Cambridge included two volumes of lectures, four volumes of sermons, *The Water Babies*, and one novel, *Hereward the Wake*. The signs of premature age were upon him, and his literary work after this period, while including the delightful *Prose Idylls* and some admirable things in *Health and Education*, seems somewhat labored. From now on he stands before the world more as a preacher than as a writer, and sanitary science occupied more and more of his time. There is nothing in his later works on sanitary reform that we do not find in his earlier; but the fact that his later endeavors were dissociated from political reforms to which the public had paid the greater attention, made his later efforts more conspicuous.

Soon after he resigned his professorship at Cambridge,

Kingsley received a letter from Mr. Gladstone offering him the canonry of Chester, an honor which he gratefully accepted. He was installed in November and for three years worked in complete harmony with the dean and the chapter. On December 2, 1869, he sailed with his daughter for the West Indies, for a visit of seven delightful weeks, which resulted in the publication of the journal of his voyage under the title *At Last*. There is an undercurrent of weariness running throughout the volume, though the descriptions are as gorgeous as any that Kingsley had written.

During his term of service at Chester he conducted daily a morning service as well as the Sunday services. He had always exercised a fascination over young men, and here again he sought to enlist them in something worth while. He opened a lecture course on botany in a small room in the town library; but soon the class outgrew its accommodations and had to shift to larger quarters. Once a week they had a field lecture, and the large class was once mistaken for a congregation as it moved through the streets. Out of this class in natural science developed the Chester Natural History Society, which soon numbered six hundred members. The lectures, delivered to men of comparatively limited education, were afterward published under the title *Town Geology*, putting forth in a clear and popular manner the interesting truths of geological science. The distinction which he had often insisted upon appears in this work; it is a book not of instruction but of education, its object being to induce those who read it to go out and see for themselves, to recognize the presence of God in all creatures, and to worship the Creator not with empty words but with full knowledge and understanding.

In January, 1871, Kingsley delivered at Sion College a lecture on "The Theology of the Future," part of which is incorporated in the preface of his *Westminster Sermons*. He extols the work of Butler, Berkeley, and Paley, and ex-

presses the opinion that had the orthodox thinkers of the past hundred years followed in their steps, the Church would not be witnessing the lamentable gulf that was now yawning between science and Christianity. After more than half a century, this lecture of Kingsley's seems timely and has about it something of modern flavor. He further presses the study of Darwin's *Fertilisation of Orchids* as a contribution to natural theology; and he speaks of that omnipresence which scientists are finding below all phenomena, the life which is engrossing the noblest scientific minds and which is ever eluding them while they cannot escape it. He calls upon the clergy of his day to tell these students that which will sanctify their investigations while it cannot hamper them, that this omnipresence is no other than the Giver of Life.

I sometimes dream of a day when it will be considered necessary that every candidate for ordination should be required to have passed creditably in at least one branch of physical science, if it be only to teach him the method of sound scientific thought. And if it be said that the doctrine of evolution, by doing away with the theory of creation, does away with that of final causes—let us answer boldly, Not in the least. We might accept what Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley have written on physical science, and yet preserve our natural theology on exactly the same basis as that on which Butler and Paley left it. That we should have to develop it, I do not deny. That we should have to relinquish it, I do.

That spring he received from Mr. Gladstone a proposal that in lieu of his canonry at Chester he should accept the vacant stall at Westminster Abbey. His sermons delivered in the Abbey are still good reading, as, indeed, are all his volumes of sermons. Kingsley's career, however, was nearing its end; the candle had already burned to the socket, and the light it now gave was but an occasional flicker. His son, Maurice, who was a railway engineer in America, coming home at this time to rejoice in his father's elevation, was so impressed with his broken appearance that he urged upon his father a sea voyage with rest and change before enter-

ing upon his new responsibility. Not until several months had passed, however, did he set sail for New York.

The sojourn in America was a lionizing experience. He was received by President Grant at the White House, he was asked to open a session of the House of Representatives with prayer, he was greeted by large audiences wherever he lectured, he was shown the natural beauties of the country, and was cordially welcomed in every city from coast to coast. At San Francisco he caught a heavy cold which he could not throw off, and the doctors urged him to leave the city. For four feverish days he journeyed back to Denver, where his brother George, who was a leading physician in the city, found that he had pleurisy, and advised his going south to Colorado Springs. He made the journey over a narrow gauge railway which his son Maurice had helped to build. He was nursed into strength, but it was thought that the attack of pleurisy had further undermined his constitution. Certainly when he returned to England he was no stronger than when he had left his home, six months before.

On Advent Sunday, November 29, 1874, Kingsley preached with intense fervor to a great congregation from the text Luke xix 41, Christ weeping over Jerusalem. A great storm was raging over London that afternoon, and the gale seemed to shake the Abbey and give point to the discourse. Probably no sermon of Kingsley's ever in beauty and fervor surpassed this one, which was his last. He spoke of many different ways in which Christ might make known his coming; in joy, in sorrow, in prosperity, in failure, in the repose of nature. Or He might come "not in the repose of nature, but in her rage—in howling storm, and blinding foam, and ruthless rocks, and whelming surge." "But," he concluded, "come as Thou seest best—but in whatever way Thou comest—even so come, Lord Jesus." These were the last words Kingsley uttered in public. He went home much exhausted and went straight to his wife's room. "And now

my work here is done, thank God ! I finished with my favorite text." He meant the end of his immediate term of residence ; it was the end of his life's work.

On December 3, in company with his wife, he went to Eversley, anticipating the joy of spending Christmas in his old home. The journey down, however, had serious consequences, for it overtaxed the strength of Mrs. Kingsley ; her illness took a bad turn and she was considered in imminent danger. In attending to her, he caught a heavy cold which soon developed into pneumonia, and after lingering for a few weeks he died quietly on January 23, 1875.

Westminster Abbey was offered as the final resting place, but his family was guided by Kingsley's wish to be buried in the churchyard of Eversley. No one was invited to the funeral, yet the churchyard was full. Peers, members of the House of Commons, squires, laborers, Nonconformists, Catholics, governors from distant colonies, officers, sailors, the bishop of the diocese, the dean of the Abbey, a representative of the Prince of Wales, and close by the gypsies of Eversley Common were united in common grief around the grave. To that spot even unto this day come many pilgrims to recall the story of a life, condensed into three words on the white marble cross:

AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS.

II

THE BACKGROUND OF KINGSLEY'S NOVELS

FOR NEARLY two decades before Kingsley's first novel appeared England had been feeling the pressure of movements begun just before Queen Victoria ascended the throne. The Conservative reaction which followed the French Revolution had received a death blow with the passing of the Reform Bill, and English politics opened a new chapter. Appearing about the same time, Lyell's *Principles of Geology* marked an epoch in science; and the first of the *Tracts for the Times* inaugurated a movement which, directly and indirectly, exercised a tremendous influence on English thought. With a new emphasis in politics, religion, and science, and with the freedom of intercourse engendered by the introduction of the railway system, there came a new emphasis on social relations; and this in turn gave rise to a new literature, the general note of which for some years to come was belief in the present and hope for the future.

From the religious point of view, this might be called an age of reaction. The weariness and distaste felt at Oxford toward the Church-Calvinists supplied the first impulse to the Tractarian Movement; and it was chiefly with a view to displace them that a new theology was advanced. There was a group of men whose names will always be associated with the beginnings of this movement, but undoubtedly the greatest agent of the work was John Henry Newman. In him and his work we see an ecclesiastical reaction which was to have a wide and in many respects a permanent influence.

An intellectual reaction from the dry rationalism of the previous century, and also from the Calvinistic attitude of

external authority, began with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, eminent as poet, literary critic, and philosopher. A Neo-Platonist in his early sympathies, he was led, through a visit to Germany in 1799, to adopt the German philosophical outlook. This was totally new in England, where the theologians looked askance at the introduction of this foreign thought. Coleridge, however, did not work out a rounded system, though his *Aids to Reflection* had wide influence. To him reason was a power of intuitive perception, an "inward beholding" by which religious truths were directly perceived. The "moral reason" had as its associate "conscience," an unconditional command which had as its postulates the moral law, a divine lawgiver, and a future life. Religion was thus based not on external proofs but on religious consciousness. This was the ground upon which the Broad Church stood; yet Coleridge's insistence on the Church as a divine institution higher and nobler than anything by law established was also the ground occupied by the High Church party. This intellectual reaction was fostered by others, among them Thomas Arnold, who began his famous mastership of Rugby in 1828. Henry Hart Milman furthered the movement by Biblical criticism; but perhaps the most distinguished and on the whole the most influential man representing this group was Kingsley's friend and theological guide, Frederick Denison Maurice, who symbolizes the intellectual reaction of the period.

For two decades after the close of the Napoleonic wars abject poverty was the lot of both the agricultural and the industrial laborers of England. The enclosure of the common lands, which had begun at the close of the previous century, intensified the hardships of the rural laborer. The industrial revolution had brought about machine labor, and increased unemployment, distress, and disease among the industrial workingmen. On the other hand, by the very act which impoverished the agricultural laborer, the landed class had in-

creased their estates and paid no direct tax. The high price of foodstuffs during the war had also enlarged their wealth, while it added nothing to improve the lot of the farm laborer. The boom in commerce and manufacture following the war gave enormous though risky profits to the mill owners, without decreasing the poverty of the industrial laborer. The Established Church, too, grew wealthier without becoming more serviceable to the people, thus losing its hold on the working class, which had largely gone over to the Dissenting bodies or to some form of secularism. The landed aristocracy and the Church, which had always been regarded as the bulwarks of tradition, held a common ground of defense against the agitation of the working class. Remembering the overthrow of church and state in France, they considered that their own safety lay in holding tightly to what they considered their prerogatives. While the hope of revolutionary convulsion stirred the hearts of one class, stiffened opposition to every reform characterized the other. The condition of the poor became an alarming problem which the imagination could not escape. No powerful mind in England was offering anything to assuage the moral and spiritual thirst that was beginning to be felt throughout the land. If any solution of the problem of the relation of the poor to the moral and spiritual welfare of the nation was to be found, something besides a new form of the discarded materialism and freethinking of the past generation was necessary. The literature of the proletariat was showing itself at this period in such works as Ebenezer Elliott's *Corn Law Rhymes*; but it was Thomas Carlyle who broke forth in *Sartor Resartus* and especially in *Past and Present* with a gospel of the essential worth of man regardless of class or creed or circumstance. He offered no positive salvation for the ills of the time, but was ready to welcome any relief as a divine visitation. The main bent of literature toward an interest in the industrial class was due to him, and his spiritual interpreta-

tion of their problems made him at once a primary influence on social theology and the inaugurator of a literary reaction. His influence on Kingsley, as well as that of Maurice, will be considered in the next chapter.

To understand the rise of the Oxford Movement, which Kingsley fought throughout his career, and which constituted a religious target for him in his various novels, we must briefly glance at the church party whose zeal for evangelical religion largely caused the reaction that issued in the Tractarian enterprise. The revival which took place at the beginning of the nineteenth century came as a reaction from a long period of lifelessness in the Church of England. The watchwords of the Evangelicals were the universal necessity of conversion, justification by faith, the sole authority of Scripture as a rule of faith. With various shades of meaning and the consequent errors attendant on the principle of free interpretation, Evangelicalism might express itself in many ways. The Calvinistic faith logically emphasized preaching as the essential function of the Church. The Evangelical party had been active in founding the Sunday school, the Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Church Missionary Society. It was a reaction not from their zeal but from the puritanical element in their theology and practice which gave a new emphasis to High Church views. This Calvinistic theology was closely identified by the people generally with Christianity, and in turning from its severity they turned in large numbers from any form of Christianity. This was the condition of affairs which Charles Kingsley deplored, and it was against this that he directed his stinging satire when he referred to puritanical and Dissenting bodies. Though he was not always correct in his exposition of their beliefs, he was right in asserting that they often pushed their opinions into extravagance, and thus alienated many people of opposite views. Through the unconscious agency of this party large numbers of people

found their way into the congenial ranks of the Dissenting bodies, with which the Low Church party was in sympathy.

The early years of the second quarter of the nineteenth century saw several significant breaches in the exclusive privileges of the Establishment. The Test and Corporation Acts were repealed in 1828; Roman Catholics were made eligible to the House of Commons and to most public offices in 1829. The demand for reforms in Parliamentary representation issued, in 1832, in the transference of power largely from the landed gentry to the middle classes, thus increasing Nonconformist influence. Many conservative churchmen, believing that the foundations of the Church were being removed, raised the question of the nature of the Church itself. Was the Church an institution that was unalterable, or could its form be changed by enactment of government? Their answer was affected by the strong literary interest in the romantic past of the races which inhabited Great Britain. History and poetry, largely under the guidance of the work of Sir Walter Scott, had caused many persons to consider the days of old, to seek to revive the old enthusiasms, and to adapt them to the needs of modern times. It became the fashion to find in the past a life more simple, generous, beautiful, and Christian than any of which the nineteenth century could afford an example. Scott found much that was good in medieval Catholicism, while remaining loyal to the Scottish Church of which he was a member. Romanticism was to find its expression not only in the literary but also in the religious attitude of the High Church party.

The Oxford or Tractarian Movement may, therefore, be called a reaction from the Evangelical tendency which had dominated the more active part of the Church of England for years, and a protest against the liberalizing tendency in matters temporal and spiritual. In the common room or in the cloisters of Oriel or in the parks beside the Cherwell and the Isis a set of young intellectuals conversed on ecclesiastical

and theological themes and started an agitation that was to revolutionize the ecclesiastical character of England and to leave a marked impression upon the religious thought of the Christian world. This was the birth of the Anglo-Catholic party. Among the group were Richard Hurrell Froude, who held that the Church was in possession of the truth, important elements of which were repudiated by the reformers, and who advocated a revival of fasting, clerical celibacy, reverence for the saints and Catholic usages; John Henry Newman, the most distinguished of them all; and John Keble, already distinguished as the author of the most popular volume of religious poetry issued in the nineteenth century, *The Christian Year*; and to these was soon to be added one who, after Newman's defection, became the outstanding leader of the Anglo-Catholic Movement, Edward Bouverie Pusey, the man who so dominated the movement as to cause it to be derisively called by its foes "Puseyism."

Newman tells us that the birthday of the movement was July 14, 1833, when Keble preached before the University a sermon which was afterward published under the title "National Apostasy." The sermon was directed against the recent attacks on the Church, asserted the spiritual position of the Church, and protested against any theory which would bind the Church by fetters riveted by the state. In September of that year Keble formulated the principles for which the group stood, declaring that the way to salvation is through the reception of the body and blood of Christ in the Eucharist, which can be validly administered only by those in the true apostolic succession. About the same time Newman began the publication of the famous *Tracts for the Times*, which gave to the movement the name of Tractarianism.

These papers, published at Oxford between 1833 and 1841, have become a part of English history; for there was much at stake for English people who felt that their liberties

were concerned in either the limitation or the extension of ecclesiastical power. Of the ninety tracts, Newman wrote twenty-three; Keble, Pusey, Froude, and others contributed. Portions of many of the tracts were acceptable in all camps; others caused disputes. The presentation of the doctrine of the visible church as the source of all spiritual gifts and the channel of all grace found a welcome among the bishops, who used it as a weapon against Parliament; and with High Churchmen, who used it as a weapon against the Evangelicals and all Dissenters. Later tracts, by their fogging of words and apparently concealed ideas, expressed views which were deemed suspiciously akin to Roman Catholic tenets. The Evangelical paper, *The Christian Observer*, perceived the issue and began battle against the manifest tendency toward Rome. The popular cry of the eighteenth century, "No Popery," resounded again from press and thoroughfare.

The fight for the standard was precipitated by Newman's famous Tract No. 90, "On the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England," which aroused the English public. It stated that "The English Church leaves marriage to the judgment of the clergy, but the Church has the right to order them not to marry." With a subtle sophistication it advanced the view that Roman Catholic convictions did not preclude subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. The problem was not what the Articles taught but what they did not reject. What the authors had in mind was immaterial, for they were no authorities. The tract did not reject the Articles nor deny their binding power; it merely sapped from them the power that made them exclusive in their design. This tract marked Newman's inner break with the Anglican Church, though it was some time before he went over to the Roman Catholic Church. The tract threw all Oxford into commotion; the friends of the movement were delighted that Roman tenets could find some place in the Anglican Church, and its foes were indignant that the Thirty-nine Articles, the chief bul-

wark of the English Church against Rome, were broken down. The terror spread over the whole country, and the cry arose from all sides that there was malignant moral depravity.

The excitement engendered by Tract No. 90 caused the vice-chancellor, the heads of colleges, and the proctors to condemn the tracts. The bishop of Oxford forbade their continuance. Newman then (1841) retired to Littlemore, and two years later he entered the Church of Rome. Several hundred clergymen and laymen followed him into the Roman communion, of whom the most distinguished was Henry Edward Manning, who conformed to Rome in 1851 and was made a cardinal in 1875. From 1833 to 1856, three hundred eighty-five clergymen left the Church of England for the Roman Catholic Church, and a deep sense of fear seized the whole nation. In October, 1850, the news came to England that Pope Pius IX had re-established in England the Roman Catholic diocesan episcopate, which had been in abeyance since the Reformation, by making Vicar Apostolic Wiseman a cardinal, and had provided England with a Roman Catholic hierarchy of twelve dioceses. The land echoed with agitation and protest, and Kingsley's voice was one of the strongest to be heard in the tumult. This background of concern for the national Church, and of dismay over the subtlety with which the tracts led to the landslide, accounts for his fierce polemics against the Catholic Church, and especially for his bitterness toward Newman, who, he felt, was responsible for the apostasy. In these secessions the Oxford Movement received a strong blow, but it soon recovered under the leadership of Pusey and gave itself to the elaboration of the liturgy which Protestantism had rejected. We are here concerned with the movement only so far as it gave cause for Kingsley's intense polemics; but it would be unfair not to add that it profoundly increased religious zeal in the Church of England. While it Romanized the worship

and the theology of the Church, it showed marvelous devotion to the poor, the neglected, and the unchurched, and it did much to regain the hold on the lower classes which had almost ceased when the movement began. The Oxford Movement accomplished a real awakening in the Established Church both in faith and in works, but it aroused great hostility at the time when the clergy were leaving the Church of England to enter the Roman Catholic fold, and thus gave some color to the Puseyite Hymn which was published in *Punch*:

And nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer Rome.

While these religious changes were taking place, the demand for social and industrial changes was being made. To these demands English literature made its response, and not the least of the forces which engaged in its behalf was the many-sided personality of Charles Kingsley.

We have already indicated the fact that the years following the Napoleonic wars witnessed an enormous advance in manufacturing industry in England, and that the masses were poor with a poverty that was unknown in the days when England was a more purely agricultural country. The introduction of machinery, which ultimately proved to be such a great benefit, caused, during the transition period, great misery to the classes whose industry was superseded by it. English mobs, enraged at the ruin of their old handicrafts, often wrecked the machinery whose introduction caused their distress. During the war the lower classes more than once looked starvation in the face, though the Tory government refused to allow the importation of wheat necessary to maintain the increased population. The agricultural laborers were not enriched thereby, for the profits of the protection were going to the landlords and to the farmers. This led the agricultural laborer, at the time the artisan was breaking the mill-owner's machinery, to burn the landlord's ricks, or to

wreck the shops of butchers and bakers, acts of terrorism such as Kingsley described in *Yeast* and in *Alton Locke*. Only legislation of the proper kind could overcome the trouble, and this was the means looked to by the whole country.

The public health at the beginning of the century was fairly good in spite of the neglected sanitary conditions and the frightful overcrowding. As long as the war lasted, wages were high and work was constant; with the close of the war there came a change. Typhus and relapsing fevers appeared in London and spread as an epidemic throughout England. The ten years from 1830 to 1840 were particularly distressing. Typhus, Asiatic cholera, small-pox, and influenza spread over the country in epidemic waves. Kingsley attacked the causes for this in *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, and *Two Years Ago*. Trade was poor, prices were high, food was scarce, and the government as yet took no part in the responsibility for public health. The poor, both in the town and in the country, lived in frightfully crowded and filthy surroundings. Sewers were never looked after, and cesspools were often placed in the basements of houses. The streets were filthy, and the water-supply was abominable. It was not only the low wages but the filth and the degradation of his surroundings that made the laborer a pauper. This series of epidemics, however, forced the government to take some notice of public health and to pass laws guiding sanitation. This sanitary legislation was at first confined to the towns, and it was not until 1872 that it extended to the rural districts.

During the early period of the nineteenth century the degradation of the agricultural laborer was aggravated by misguided legislation—a series of unwise Poor-Laws that had been passed since 1795. To relieve the local distress many parishes had commenced a system of indiscriminate doles to poor residents, without any proper inquiry as to whether the recipients were worthy or unworthy. The old test of pauperism, by compelling all who declared themselves in that

condition to enter the workhouse, had been abandoned, and gifts of money were made to all who chose to ask for it. The larger the family the more was the subsidy, and the laborer often construed this practice into an invitation to increase the family. Farmers were often ruined and forced to abandon their lands, and the country clergy often left their livings. Economists pointed out that over-population was the cause of the misery; but they failed to mention that over-population might be the result of a lower order of civilization.

Doubtless poor management had something to do with magnifying the evil of the system; but it is questionable whether the general results would have been avoided even with the wisest administration. The law was administered by men in many cases neither wise nor honest. Employers voted doles to save wages at the expense of the parish; shopkeepers availed themselves of the privilege of becoming prosperous on the method; churchmen often apportioned relief to those who showed marked piety or respect to the parson or the squire.

The new Poor-Law worked to the advantage of the farmer, for he considered that it would work no hardship if he cut down the wages of the laborer, since the parish would make up the deficiency. It thus became easy for the farmer to pay starvation wages and then to force the parish to support the laborer with a subsidy just sufficient to keep each family out of the workhouse. Thus the agricultural laborers began to live, not on their own wages, but on the pittance doled out to them by their employers, supplemented by a weekly grant from the parish. There are places on record where the annual dole of the paupers exceeded the annual income of the parish; and the poor rate became a great burden on the resources of the less wealthy districts. It was this condition of affairs that aroused Kingsley, and which, among other things, he attacked so sharply in *Yeast*. He showed there a philosophy somewhat in sympathy with the "Young

England" Party which Disraeli fostered, and which had for its purpose the arousing of the young aristocracy and the laborer to their mutual responsibilities; but he did not agree with their proposals for continuing these grants to underpaid workers. He saw that this condition of affairs was not calculated to raise the laborer in self-respect and that much of the discontent of the times among the agricultural poor was the result of the wrong conceptions of this political economy.

The discontent of the lower classes took two directions. One element agitated for a general insurrection and the destruction of all property and established institutions. Demagogues arose to fan these rash aspirations into flame and to bring about anarchy. The wiser ones hoped for a modification of the constitution in the direction of popular government, for they believed that England would improve the moment she was governed *by* the people as well as *for* the people. That called for a reform of the House of Commons, but that body did not trust the masses, believing that any really representative House of Commons would give way to wild and radical reforms that would sweep away the institutions held dear by the gentry of England. Some turbulent years passed in England before the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed. It had been introduced twice and sent up to the House of Lords, only to be rejected. The third time it was sent to the Lords it was accompanied by the information that the King had promised to create enough new Whig peers to carry it against their opposition. To avoid forcing the King to do this, one hundred Tory peers solemnly left their seats and allowed the act to pass by a considerable majority.

This bill extended the franchise somewhat and made it regular all over England. Previously some towns practically had manhood suffrage; in others only the corporation were the electors. Now, in the boroughs, the power to vote was given to all who occupied premises of £10 annual value, so

that all the shopkeepers and the wealthier artisans, but not the poorer inhabitants, received the franchise. In the country freeholders, copyholders, and holders of leases for sixty years to the annual value of £10, with occupiers paying a yearly rent of £50, were enfranchised. Thus, the farmers ruled the poll and the agricultural laborer had no voice in the matter. The new Parliament that came in represented the middle class alone, and the laborer's agitation brought him a new government which, we see in *Yeast*, he regarded only as a new form of tyranny.

The power to make and unmake cabinets had passed not into the hands of the masses but into those of the middle class—the shopkeepers of the town and the farmers of the country—an entirely different body from the excited mobs which had rioted in the streets and threatened civil war in the years immediately preceding the passage of the bill. The bill had done comparatively little for those who had supported it most violently, for the great industrial centres in the North and Midlands returned wealthy manufacturers and merchants who were not sympathetic with radical reforms and violent agitations for the overthrow of entrenched institutions.

The new Poor-Law of 1834 put an end to the degrading system of out-door relief which since 1795 had been burdening the parishes while pauperizing the agricultural laborer. This new law reimposed the old test of the workhouse on applicants for charity and allowed only aged and impotent persons to receive doles at their own homes. Able-bodied men were forced to give up their weekly allowance from the parish or to enter the workhouse. This had the result of forcing the farmer to pay larger wages and to cease to expect the parish to find half the amount. If the laborer lost nothing, he gained nothing; and his condition, still inferior to what it was in the old days before the Enclosure Act and high rents in the latter part of the eighteenth century, Kingsley forcibly

brings before us in *Yeast* and in one or two chapters in *Alton Locke*. Discontent was still rampant, and the laborer felt himself misused without being able to tell exactly from whose hand the abuse came.

During the years 1832-1843, trade-unionism made little progress though a number of unions were formed, especially the Builders' Union, which embraced all branches of the building trade (masons, tinsmiths, plumbers, carpenters, painters, plasterers, etc.) from all parts of England. The workingmen had not yet learned the importance of making their organizations purely trade unions. These organizations were mixed with politics and philanthropic propaganda of a varied nature.

The old delusion that people can be made happy by grants of political rights was still prevalent, and the discontent of the laboring class took shape now, as it did a generation before, in demands for Parliamentary reform. The new agitation got its name from a document called "The People's Charter," which was put forward as the program of the movement. It contained six claims: (1) universal manhood suffrage; (2) the ballot at election; (3) annual Parliaments; (4) the abolition of the property qualification for members of Parliament; (5) payment of members of Parliament; (6) equal electoral districts. All of these points might have been granted at that time without any serious injury. The danger was in the wide-spread misery and discontent that lay at the bottom of the agitation. The abolition of the Poor-Law with its lavish doles of money to the laborer had aroused much bitter feeling among that class. The laborer had agitated in 1832 for a change in Parliament, and when the change came the middle class was admitted but the laboring class was excluded; and now the middle class was legislating in its own interest. The laborers hoped to relieve their own condition by means of the ballot, and in their frenzied state there was danger, should they have the power they desired, of their

making legislation a means of plundering the rich. What measures they wished to pass when they obtained the desired power is not clear. Many of the Chartists wished to relax the provisions of the new Poor-Law; others had in mind more pronounced socialistic proposals. The demagogues who led the Chartist Movement insisted that the golden age would follow the introduction of universal suffrage and the other demands, though they had no clear conception of either the means or the end that they wished. The most prominent leader was Feargus O'Connor, a typical demagogue with considerable oratorical power but with very little intellect. Among the less prominent men of leadership, however, were many of real ability, mostly enthusiastic young workingmen, self-taught but often, as Kingsley points out, better educated than the so-called better classes. Riotous public meetings, where threats of physical force were freely used, were frequent through the years 1838-1842, and the government had a real task on its hands in keeping down rebellion. It was soon seen, however, that the number who were in favor of risking their lives in armed rebellion was insignificant, and Parliament refused to take them seriously even when they continued to send up to the House of Commons monster petitions purporting to contain a million and a half or even three million signatures.

The panic passed away, but not the discontent. This smouldered on, varying in intensity with the distress. Various other movements and agitations, such as the temperance movement, socialism, trade-unionism, cooperation, etc., became mixed with Chartism; but its dominating factor continued to be a bitter sense of injustice and misery with a vague conviction that the rich were in some way responsible for the distress of the poor. The upper and middle classes repaid hatred with hatred and generally regarded the Chartists as brutal and desperate men who were without belief in God, reverence for their social superiors, or any recognition

of the sanctity of property. There were many, however, among the well-to-do class who sympathized with the poor in their sufferings and would have been glad to do anything to relieve their distress. In 1843 what is known as the "Young England" Party attracted considerable attention. Disraeli was its sponsor. He set forth the ideal of a patriarchal system with benevolent landlords and loyal peasants bound together by mutual obligations, and he persuaded many well-meaning young squires to join him in an attempt to realize the ideal. While the movement accomplished little, it deserves notice as a serious attempt to remove the grievances of the Chartists without democratizing the ancient institutions of the land.

In 1848 Chartism had a revival, due to a financial depression in England and the unrelieved distress of the poor, and fostered by the revolutionary ideas of the Continent, especially of France, then passing through revolutionary stages. Socialistic ideas were a distinct feature of this French revolution, and their triumph helped to reawaken the socialist hopes in the minds of the more pronounced Chartists. A national convention of Chartists was held in London, and in this meeting language of such a violent nature was used that many believed that England was on the verge of a revolution. Parliament was to be given a last chance to pass the Charter. The Chartists were to assemble at Kennington Common and march to the House of Commons with their huge roll, which was supposed to have five million signatures attached to it but which actually had about one-third that number, among them being the names of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, and many purely humorous signatures appended by mischievous schoolboys. Things came to a head when Feargus O'Connor proposed to lead this band to the House of Commons. Government refused to be cowed; two hundred thousand special constables were enrolled to face the rioters, the bridges leading to Westminster were manned with troops, and the great meeting was awaited

with resolution. These preparations overawed the rioters; only a few thousand assembled, and O'Connor bade his followers go home, and then disappeared. The reaction in the public mind was from unreasonable fear to unreasonable contempt. Chartism, however, was not a matter for ridicule, as Kingsley undertook to prove. It was rooted in misery and discontent, and though it ceased as a movement under that name, the facts which the movement represented merely assumed a different shape. The workingmen began to realize that they had it in their power to do much for themselves without the aid of Parliament, and trade-unionism began to assume some proportions. The enlightened leaders of the working classes saw that there was need of general and technical education, and in order that more thorough knowledge of economic conditions might be placed in the hands of the workingman, the unions began to devote portions of their funds to the purchase of books to be placed at the disposal of all.

In 1852 there was a strike in Manchester of the Amalgamated Iron Trade Union over the question of piece work and systematic overtime. This union was one of the best organizations in the country, and the outcome of this strike was to forward the cause of trade-unionism. The men did not win the strike, but they won the sympathy of a large section of the most intelligent people in England, and they had not only the sympathy but the cooperation of the Christian Socialist group. Kingsley was not at this time an agitator, but from a letter which he wrote to his friend Tom Hughes under date of January 28, 1852, we learn that he was doing his utmost to urge the men to an even stronger alliance. This was the outcome of the strike, and the Amalgamated Iron Trade Union became a pattern for other societies of a similar nature. They continued their benefits; but these were handled by local branches which were self-governed yet subject to a general code interpreted by the executive committee at head-

quarters. Membership in the Union was restricted to men qualified in the trade, and the vague, general philanthropy which had been characteristic of the movement under Owen's influence was discontinued. The unions now made it their prime business to advance the interest of their own special trade and to allow others to do the same, though they did not withhold their gift when they saw distress in other unions caused by a contest with which they were in sympathy. From 1852 to 1858 there were comparatively few strikes and none on a large scale. The new year, however, witnessed a great strike in London, engaging all the building trades over the question of shortening the hours of labor. This strike ended in a compromise, but it was important to the workingmen because of the formation of the Amalgamated Carpenters' Society that followed in the wake of the strike.

Meanwhile the Cooperative Movement was advancing toward a victorious career. Owen was its chief advocate, but his efforts had been so mixed with a form of impractical idealism that the movement had never under his influence assumed any permanent organization. It grew, however, during the years 1844-1865 into some importance in the land. Although it owed its success mainly to the workingmen co-operators, it was helped along by strong allies and champions outside the working class. The Christian Socialists, among whom Kingsley had assumed a position of leadership, warmly supported the movement; and one of their number in 1862 drafted and carried through a bill for the amendment of the Industrial Societies Act which gave full legal protection to the various stores and removed several restrictions under which they had to operate. By 1865 these cooperative stores were doing over six million pounds' worth of business.

In these years when the Chartist Movement was approaching its climax, and when trade unions and cooperative societies were being called into existence, Kingsley was having one of the most fruitful periods of his life. He became a

moulding influence on laboring men at a time when they turned aside from their political agitation and sought a more powerful weapon of defense in union and cooperation. The political events which were shaking Europe, and which were beginning to have a menacing look in England, profoundly stirred him. Upon hearing the news of the Chartist rising and the petition he journeyed to the metropolis on the morning of April 10, 1848, and went to the home of Frederick Denison Maurice. In the afternoon of that day he and John Ludlow walked to Kennington Common to see what would happen if the Chartists assembled. On the next day this placard, which he had written, was posted:

WORKMEN OF ENGLAND!

You say that you are wronged. Many of you are wronged: and many besides yourselves know it. Almost all men who have heads and hearts know it—above all, the working clergy know it. They go into your houses, they see the shameful filth and darkness in which you are forced to live crowded together; they see your children growing up in ignorance and temptation, for want of fit education; they see intelligent and well read men among you, shut out from a Freeman's just right of voting; and they see, too, the noble patience and self-control with which you have as yet borne these evils. They see it, and God sees it.

WORKMEN OF ENGLAND! You have more friends than you think for. Friends who expect nothing from you, and who love you, because you are their brothers, and who fear God, and therefore dare not neglect you, His children; men who are drudging and sacrificing themselves to get you your rights; men who know what your rights are, better than you know yourselves, who are trying to get for you something nobler than Charters and dozens of Acts of Parliament—more useful than this "fifty thousandth share in a Talker in the National Palaver at Westminster" can give you. You may disbelieve them, insult them—you cannot stop their working for you, beseeching you as you love yourselves, to turn back from the precipice of riot, which ends in the gulf of universal distrust, stagnation, starvation.

You think the Charter would make you free—would to God it would! The Charter is not bad; if the men who use it are not bad!

But will the Charter make you free? Will it free you from the slavery to ten-pound bribes? Slavery to beer and gin? Slavery to every spouter who flatters your self-conceit, and stirs up bitterness and headlong rage in you? That, I guess, is real slavery; to be a slave to one's own stomach, one's own pocket, one's own temper. Will the Charter cure that? Friends, you want more than Acts of Parliament can give.

Englishmen! Saxons! Workers of the great cool-headed, strong-handed nation of England, the workshop of the world, the leader of freedom for 700 years, men say you have common sense! Then do not humbug yourselves into meaning "license" when you cry for "liberty"; who would dare refuse you freedom? For the Almighty God, and Jesus Christ, the poor Man, who died for poor men, will bring it about for you, though all the Mammonites of the earth were against you. A nobler day is dawning for England, a day of freedom, science, industry.

But there will be no true freedom without virtue, no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God, and love to your fellow citizens.

Workers of England, be wise, and then you *must* be free, for you will be fit to be free.

A WORKING PARSON

On the 6th of May the first number of *Politics for the People* came out, and in the first number there was an article in which are found the words that gave excuse for the criticism that he had declared in burning language that the Charter did not go far enough. It was the first of a series of "Parson Lot's Letters to the Chartists," only part of which it will be necessary to quote to show how far there were any revolutionary principles in Kingsley's message.

I am not one of those who laugh at your petition of the 10th of April; I have no patience with those who do. Suppose there were but 250,000 honest names on that sheet—suppose the Charter itself were all stuff—yet you have still a right to fair play, a patient hearing, an honourable and courteous answer, whichever way it may be. But my only quarrel with the Charter is *that it does not go far enough in reform*. I want to see you *free*, but I do not see how what you ask for will give you what you want. I think you have fallen into just the same mistake as the rich of whom you complain—

the very mistake which has been our curse and our nightmare. I mean the mistake of fancying that *legislative* reform is *social* reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament. If any one will tell me of a country where a charter made the rogues honest, or the idle industrious, I shall alter my opinion of the Charter, but not till then. It disappointed me bitterly when I read it. It seemed a harmless cry enough, but a poor, bald, constitution-mongering cry as I ever heard. . . .

But I must say honestly, whomsoever I may offend, the more I have read of your convention speeches and newspaper articles, the more convinced I am that too many of you are trying to do God's work with the devil's tools. . . .

I denounce the weapons which you have been deluded into employing to gain you your rights, and the indecency and profligacy which you are letting be mixed up with them.

In subsequent numbers of *Politics for the People*, Kingsley urged upon his readers the cry of Carlyle, "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." This, he said, he should like to see them take as the true Radical Reformer's Guide in driving out of England all humbug, idleness, and injustice. In these issues he published some of his best short poems, as well as articles on the pictures in the National Gallery and the collections in the British Museum, instructing his readers in the way of enjoying their own property.

Politics for the People was soon discontinued for want of funds. Among those who were working in the group with Maurice and Kingsley were some who spent their vacation abroad that summer, and these came back with glowing accounts of the efforts being made in France to establish associations for the workingmen. It was decided to attempt the establishment of such associations in England as the best means of fighting the shop system which the papers declared to be the root of the distress which made Chartists. For this purpose a journal, *The Christian Socialist*, was started, to the first number of which Kingsley contributed the famous tract, *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*. A society for promoting workingmen's associations was formed out of the group working

with Maurice. Ludlow became the editor of *The Christian Socialist* and Kingsley became one of the chief contributors. The name of the association was too much for some, but the majority of the group joined it. Kingsley was engaged with his parish duties at Eversley, but his opinion on all important matters was sought. He declared that they ought to stand boldly for association, for the obtaining of political rights as grounded on the Bible and the Anglo-Saxon tradition. He went on to suggest such reforms as they ought to seek—national education, sanitary and house-dwelling reforms, public places of recreation, and many other such reforms and improvements. Thomas Hughes tells us that Kingsley, as “Parson Lot,” was largely responsible for the fighting tone of the paper. He writes to Mr. Ludlow:

It is a pity that telling people what's right won't make them do it; but not a new fact, though that ass, the world, has quite forgotten it; and assures you that dear sweet “incompris” mankind only wants to be told the way to the millennium to walk willingly into it—which is a lie. If you want to get mankind, if not to heaven, at least out of hell, kick them out.

Kingsley was brave, but he was also sensitive. He felt keenly the misrepresentations and attacks that were aimed at him. He was by nature and training an aristocrat in the best sense of the term, and he had a deep sympathy with the people. He believed that his country could not get along without a landed aristocracy. It was, therefore, a bitter trial to have to stand attack from both sides. There was much that was decidedly distasteful to him in his surroundings in connection with this work, but Hughes tells us that he did it fearlessly and thoroughly in the spirit of Amos of old, the herdsman of Tekoa.

It was in the midst of this work and these controversies that Kingsley produced *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*, novels that were really extensions of the tracts he was writing for *The Christian Socialist*—a lengthening of the weapon for further

use against both the abuses of the laboring men and the class that oppressed them.

Parson Lot's efforts for association were not in vain. He called upon the journeymen to see that it was competition that was ruining them, and that their remedy was in association. He urged the establishment of associated workshops and appealed to the master tailors to provide workrooms at least properly ventilated. The result of his efforts was the Tailors' Association, begun February 12, 1850. All the members of the Society for Promoting Workingmen's Associations bestirred themselves on behalf of the new associations and orders came in. It was not long before other associations were formed. In the summer of 1850 a Central Cooperative Agency was formed, and on October 24 of that year the London Cooperative Store was opened. Thus Kingsley's work was not in vain, and his name became associated with a movement that is now world wide.

III

THE INFLUENCE OF CARLYLE AND MAURICE ON KINGSLEY

DURING HIS undergraduate days at Cambridge and early period of his ministry, Kingsley was profoundly influenced by the writings of two men eminent in his day—Thomas Carlyle and Frederick Denison Maurice. From the former he largely drew the ideas that formed his political and social philosophy, while from the latter he drew his theological ideas in such measure as to cause him to address Maurice as “My dear Master.” As the influence of these men is so evident in all the writings of Kingsley, it is necessary to look into these sources before attempting critically to estimate the novels.

While at Cambridge Kingsley had to wrestle with grave questions of faith, and more than once he was tempted to sacrifice all his prospects in England and to seek satisfaction in the western world. It was the influence of the young lady who afterward became his wife that was the determining factor in his career. One of the means by which she helped him toward the settlement of his troubles was by sending him the works of Thomas Carlyle. In a letter written to her, in May, 1841, he says:

I feel more and more daily that a clergyman's life is the one for which both my physique and morale were intended. . . . My views of theoretical religion are getting more clear daily, as I see more completely the necessity of faith. What a noble mind Novalis's must have been! Do you know his works, or have you read the review of them in Carlyle? If not, pray do. . . .

I forgot to thank you for the books. I am utterly delighted with them.

Mrs. Kingsley remarks that the books sent were Carlyle's works as well as Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. She remarks further that Carlyle's *French Revolution* (1837) had a great effect on his mind before he decided to take holy orders, establishing and intensifying his belief in God's righteous government of the world. Then she remarks that the *Miscellanies* and *Past and Present* (1843) followed up this work.

There is so much in *Sartor Resartus* which might serve to lift the veil of doubt hanging over Kingsley, that we feel sure that if Carlyle's books let in any light upon his problems, *Sartor Resartus* was one of the windows through which that light came to his troubled mind. In the central book of *Sartor Resartus* we have a faithful portrayal of Carlyle's experience, similar to that of Kingsley. In the famous chapter, "The Everlasting No," he says:

Well might he exclaim in his wild way: "Is there no God, then; but at best an absentee God, sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his universe, and seeing it go? Has the word Duty no meaning; is what we call Duty no divine Messenger and Guide, but a false earthly Fantasm?"

Teufelsdröckh has ceased to have any belief in himself or in his own powers. He has ceased to believe in his friends.

I kept a lock upon my lips: why should I speak much with that shifting variety of so-called Friends, in whose withered, vain, and too-hungry souls Friendship was but an incredible tradition?

It is the benevolent influence of Christianity that saves Teufelsdröckh from suicide. While the religion of his fathers no longer abides with him as a creed, it lingers with his emotions and become a powerful deterrent. However small he feels that restraining force to be, he clings to it until some new phases of it shall appear and lead him out of his prison of despair.

Thus had the Everlasting No (*das ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my Me; and then it

was that my whole Me stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. . . . The Everlasting No had said: "Behold thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's)"; to which my whole Me now made answer: "I am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee!"

It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometric Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man.

There is no more significant passage in Carlyle's writing; for though written ten years after the event recorded, it expressed that great change in thought out of which there came the message which he so forcibly delivered to his generation. His spiritual deliverance had not arrived, but its beginning was here.

In the next chapter, "Centre of Indifference," Teufelsdröckh tells us that the immediate result of his awakening was an indifference to his own feelings and fate, and a new sense of the wide and living world with which he was surrounded. He sees the great interest of the world going on and the great men of the world active before his eyes.

Thus can the Professor, at least in lucid intervals, look away from his own sorrows, over the many-colored world, and pertinently enough note what is passing there.

The work of transformation must, however, go on to "The Everlasting Yea," for it is not enough that a man pass from a self-centered mood to an interest in the world around him. It is not enough for one merely to take note of what is passing in the world; to stop there is to become self-indulgent.

Our Wilderness is the wide world in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting: nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left.

When his eyes are turned from himself and he looks out

on the world, Teufelsdröckh sees something that brings to him a great compassion for his fellow-men.

With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man; with an infinite love, and infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tired, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a grave. . . . Man with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavours had become dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother.

Out of this there comes another question to be solved, for it was the search for happiness that explains that morbid state of mind and soul which culminated in the "Everlasting No."

I asked myself: What is this, that ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not Happy? Because the Thou (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that thou shouldst be happy?

In the very negation of happiness Teufelsdröckh discovers a positive religion, although it comes perilously near to being self-denial for its own sake. Yet from that it is saved by the divine element of sorrow in it.

Love not pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.

The worship of sorrow is saved from being a morbid reaction from the worship of self and happiness by the emphasis on the word "works," which he makes the last phase of the Everlasting Yea.

But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. . . . Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by

Action." . . . Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

As Kingsley had been passing through something of the same spiritual anguish that shook Carlyle during his Edinburgh days, and as the seer here records the vision which was tantamount to conversion and which left him with some solid ground beneath his feet, it is unlikely that Kingsley could have been affected by any of Carlyle's early works and not have been profoundly moved by this. To Carlyle, then, belongs the credit for saving Kingsley from the blackness of despair, for influencing him toward the life of service, and for being at least one of the influential factors in Kingsley's determination for the ministry. This, in itself, was a great contribution; yet Carlyle was also to prove a strong force in determining the direction which Kingsley's work should take.

While Carlyle's influence played an important part in Kingsley's determination to enter the Church, Kingsley's theology (as distinguished from his social philosophy) does not accord in many points with that of Carlyle. In a letter of April 5, 1857, to the Rev. Dr. Rigg, who had written a review of Kingsley's works for *The London Quarterly Review*, Kingsley says:

But one statement I must energetically contradict—that I am in anywise in theology a follower of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. I have pointed out in my works certain points on which, in past years, he has done me good service; but I am at a loss to conceive why my having done so should make any man think that I agree with his theology.

Kingsley regarded Maurice as his "dear Master" in theology, though he was unconsciously influenced by Carlyle in the realm of theology. In August, 1842, in a parting letter over circumstances that caused a breach in their correspondence, he wrote to Miss Grenfell that she must seek to know God in His deeds, in history, and in all great men. That is Carlylean, and makes that indebtedness to Carlyle the more

certain when we read, "Read Maurice for this purpose, and Carlyle." Carlyle's *Past and Present* was produced the next year, and Kingsley was enthusiastic over it. In April, 1844, we find him writing that he accepted the ideas of Carlyle and recognized their importance when explained by the great truths of Christianity. This seems to be an attempt to reconcile two different points of view formed from the teaching of Carlyle and Maurice, probably from Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ* and Carlyle's *Past and Present*. His wife had something like that in mind when she wrote:

It may seem strange that Carlyle's works should have laid the foundation to which Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* and Maurice's works were the superstructure; but so it was.

Carlyle, like Maurice, had three or four things to say and kept repeating them over and over in whatever he wrote, whether history or essay, private journal or biography. His outlook was somewhat limited by his Puritan inheritance, a strenuous and uncompromising moral temper, an inflexibility and intolerance, an earnest spirituality that held utter contempt for science and art. It was these qualities in the man that defined his attitude toward the movements of his age. He believed that the world in which he lived had lost its faith in God, had become absorbed in material progress, and neglected the culture of the soul. The moral fibre of the race had become soft through being pampered by an easy-going optimism that considered things as they are the right order of things as they should be. It was the stern Puritan gospel of God and His righteousness that Carlyle brought to his age as a corrective of this complacency.

History was for him the larger Bible that reveals divine will, and that displays the works of God not by miracles but by the logical means of cause and effect. To him the French Revolution was an example, setting forth the inexorable law in accordance with which national disaster follows national

sin. This lesson he took over from history and applied to the social problems of his day, depicting England as fast drifting into a perilous condition, and declaring that nothing short of a spiritual regeneration could save it.

Carlyle was a lifelong antagonist of democracy. His theory of history was based on the fundamentally anti-democratic and anti-scientific theory of the Great Man; and to the evidence of history he appealed for the confirmation of his contention that the masses were "mostly fools" unable to work out their own salvation, that the many needed the guidance of the few, and that if the destruction of the sham kings or aristocracy was necessary, indispensable were the true kings whose virtues lie in brains and character.

This was the foundation which Carlyle laid for Kingsley's theology, and though Kingsley built Mauricean timbers into the structure, the foundation was still a part of the building. In this respect it is interesting to note in the letter of April, 1844, already quoted, that he says regarding Carlyle's works:

More and more I find that these writings of Carlyle's do not lead to gloomy discontent—that theirs is not a dark but a bright view of life: in reality, more evil speaking against the age and its inhabitants is thundered from the pulpit daily, by both Evangelical and Tractarian, than Carlyle has been guilty of in all his works.

Here he was comprehending Carlyle's message of social responsibility, and of the social work which lay so close to him, the need of which could plainly be seen in his socially neglected parish at Eversley. His first novel, *Yeast*, bears testimony to this awakened interest; for as Mrs. Kingsley tells us, it contains many autobiographical elements, the hero, Lancelot Smith, being a fairly accurate picture of Kingsley during his undergraduate days and the time immediately following. Lancelot is acquainted with and identifies himself with Carlyle's opinions as he writes to his Tractarian cousin, Luke. In the course of the novel, however, the social thought

of Carlyle completely absorbs him. When he begins to think about the situation of the inhabitants of the land, it is said of him:

He took up, with a new interest, *Chartism*, which alone of all Mr. Carlyle's works he had hitherto disliked, because his own luxurious day-dreams had always flowed in such sad discord with the terrible warnings of the modern seer, and his dark vistas of starvation, crime, neglect, and discontent.

Carlyle's starting point for the solution of the complex problems of his day was a simple one. It began with the individual. In the fourth chapter of *Past and Present*, Book I, he says:

It were infinitely handier if we had a Morrison's Pill, Act of Parliament, or remedial measure, which men could swallow, one good time, and then go on in their old courses, cleared from all miseries and mischiefs. . . . Thou shalt descend into thy inner man, and see if there be any traces of a soul there; till then there can be nothing done.

In Chapter VI, he continues in the same strain:

We demand arrestment of the knaves and dastards, and begin by arresting our own poor selves out of that fraternity. There is no other reform conceivable. Thou and I, my friend, can, in the most flunky world, make, each of us, one non-flunky, one hero, if we like: that will be two heroes to begin with.

In *Alton Locke* the hero, after passing in review the various theories of the numerous parties bent on curing the maladies of society, says:

It is within, rather than without, that I needed reform. About the supposed omnipotence of the Charter, I have found out my mistake. I believe no more in "Morrison's Pill remedies," as Thomas Carlyle calls them.

While Carlyle conceived the worker's problem to be essentially a spiritual one, he believed that the spiritual condition of the worker could not be helped unless the material condition helped itself.

All of Kingsley's work resolved on this same proposition. He knew that social Christianity came only through the heightened spiritual experience of individuals, and he emphasized that truth in all his works. He also believed that you could not convert a man's soul while neglecting his physical well-being, and repeatedly in *Yeast* and in *Alton Locke* he emphasized this idea.

Carlyle says that the most intolerable thing for the worker is the feeling that he is being unjustly treated. He believes that the greatest injustice that the worker suffers is that he does not receive a just reward for his labor. Over and over Carlyle rings the changes on that idea, while early in the pages of *Yeast* we hear the hero, Lancelot, say to the philosophical game-keeper, Tregarva:

You seem to see both sides of a question, certainly. But what a miserable state of things, that the laboring man should require all these societies, and charities, and help from the rich! That an industrious freeman cannot live without alms!

On a later occasion Tregarva says:

The poor have got in these days a strange, confused fancy, maybe, but still a deep and fierce one, that they haven't got what they call their rights.

In *Alton Locke* and in the famous tract, *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*, Kingsley deals forcibly with the problem of compensation for artisans. He comes very close to Carlyle in thought and expression, even using illustrations such as the Meudon tanneries which Carlyle mentions in *Chartism* and in *Past and Present*.

Did you look into the Tanneries of Meudon, and the long-naked making for themselves breeches of human skins! May the merciful Heavens avert the omen; may we be wiser, so that we be less wretched.

In the third chapter of *Chartism*, Carlyle ironically assails the new Poor-Law, while admitting that it has advantages

over the old Poor-Law which it had supplanted because the old law had depended upon alms and not upon justice and had pushed the population into laziness and immorality. In *Yeast*, Tregarva says to Lancelot, at the village revel:

Oh, sir, the old law has bit too deep: it made them slaves and beggars at heart. It taught them not to be ashamed of parish pay—to demand it as a right. . . . But don't you see, sir, how all poor-laws, old or new either, suck the independent spirit out of a man?

In the third chapter of the fourth book of *Past and Present*, Carlyle makes three suggestions for the betterment of social conditions: legal hygienic measures, education, and emigration. These same things were advocated by Kingsley, and while he might have done so independently, it is significant that he often does so in the Carlylean manner. These three questions absorbed his attention not only during what is called the "Parson Lot" period, but through all his later days. After he ceased to be a social agitator he concentrated upon them, and, indeed, his work in that direction had a wider application and a stronger influence than that of Carlyle.

While in *Past and Present* Carlyle mentions the necessity of hygienic measures along with that of education and emigration, in the last chapter of *Chartism* he forcibly emphasizes these last two points. Carlyle mourns the moral and spiritual deterioration of the country and says that we cannot better these until we improve the educational conditions. He deplores the petty differences of the sects which hinder the progress of education and thus keep the moral state of the people at a low ebb. It is time for the government to take the matter of education in hand and give to all what they have a right to expect.

Then, in *Yeast*, when Lancelot is asked what limit he would put to education, he replies, "the capacity of each man." In Chapter IV the game-keeper moralizes over the advantages of an education, and of the good that one might do with it.

After all—God forgive me if I'm wrong!—but I sometimes think that there must be more good in that human wisdom, and philosophy falsely so-called, than we Wesleyans hold. Oh, sir, what a blessing is a good education! What you gentlemen might do with it, if you did but see your own power!

In both *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*, Kingsley brings out the fact that with serious consequences education is neglected. Tregarva again informs Lancelot of the condition of the laborer's child.

And as for scholarship, sir, a boy leaves school at nine or ten to follow the horses; and between that time and his wedding day he forgets every word he ever learned, and becomes for the most part, as thorough a heathen savage at heart as those wild Indians in the Brazils used to be.

The matter of fact farmer says to Alton Locke about his two boys:

They didn't never go to school nor to church neither, except just now and then sometimes—they had to mind the sheep!

When Alton asks Crossthwaite whose fault it is that they are kept out of the education that belongs to them by natural right, Crossthwaite replies that it is the parson's fault, and he rails at the present system that discriminates between the rich and the poor.

Kingsley agrees with Carlyle in this and in other ideas on education; yet there is hardly anything in these ideas that could be counted as a peculiar teaching passed from one man to the other. It is significant, however, that when Kingsley makes his characters talk on the subject, it is in the Carlylean strain that we have their ideas.

When we speak of emigration, we touch a subject in which Kingsley was emphatically a pupil of Carlyle, for the Seer of Chelsea was the pioneer in this particular. Kingsley, like Carlyle, takes up the subject as a remedy for the acute economic conditions of England. Malthus had said that the pop-

ulation increased geometrically while the food supply increased only arithmetically, and while economists today are questioning that ratio, and while neither Carlyle nor Kingsley argued against the Malthusian finding, they did find fault with the suggestion for checking the population. Malthus had maintained that through war and epidemic the population had so decreased that enlarged relief of the poor was not expedient. He advocated for the poor a self-denial of natural impulses that there might be a restricted population until economic conditions improved. He was concerned, not like the birth-control enthusiasts of today with the quality of the population, but with the purely economic side of the question—the number of people England could sustain without relief from war and plague.

When Carlyle takes up the question of emigration, in the last chapter of *Chartism*, it is in answer to this theory of Malthus.

O wonderful Malthusian prophets! Millenniums are undoubtedly coming, must come one way or the other: but will it be, think you, by twenty millions of working people simultaneously striking work in that department; passing in universal trades-union, a resolution not to beget any more till the labour-market become satisfactory?

Then he says ironically that Malthus and Laissez-faire, having delivered their message, had now better take their departure; and he passes on to the suggestion of emigration toward the solution of over-population.

Beneath the obvious advocacy of emigration there is at least the suggestion of the Imperial Idea, of which Carlyle is commonly regarded as the originator. This thought, moreover, is grounded not only in his social but even more in his historical and political comprehension, above all in his views of the godly righteousness of the strong nation, of the strong states into subjection and to govern the weaker states, and of those who are fit to rule to govern rightly those who cannot well rule themselves.

Kingsley entirely endorsed Carlyle's tirade against Malthus. In a letter written in 1843 he criticized Malthus' anti-impulse theory; and in *Alton Locke* he declares the theory an abominable lie. In *The Christian Socialist* in February, 1851, there appeared an article from Parson Lot, "The Church Against Malthus," but though the article indicates his attitude, not very much can be said for his logic, the argument having been based on Genesis i 28, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." Later, however, he allies himself with the real body of Carlylean thought:

When we consider our almost boundless facilities for emigration, our Colonies and North America, our steam-ships and our commerce, F. must pardon me if I say that the preventive check seems to me as superfluous, as unscriptural.

The thought that the problem of over-population could be solved only by emigration seems to have taken hold of Kingsley at this time and to have retained that hold for the rest of his life. He brings it out in *Alton Locke*, and there is something of that thought as the background of his subsequent novels.

In a lecture entitled "The Massacre of the Innocents," in 1859, he called upon the political economist and the social philosopher to look upon the map itself and to convince themselves that approximately four-fifths of the earth was uncultivated; then they would believe him that every child of the English race had an inestimable worth. In 1868 he wrote in a letter:

Oh, that advice which I used to give twenty years ago had been taken! That the Trades Unions would have organized an Emigration Committee for each trade, and chosen by ballot a certain number to emigrate every year, on funds furnished by the society, then things might have been different.

Both Carlyle and Kingsley bring out the imperialistic idea in connection with emigration. The whole of *Westward Ho!*

preaches this, with the modification that England is to be the means of saving the world for Protestant Christianity. *Two Years Ago* also has that as a background of the hero's travels, and some of his sermons, as well as *Glaucus* and many of the poems, also enforce the thought, particularly the "Ode to the North-East Wind" and the "Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Devonshire," as chancellor of the University of Cambridge in 1862.

Carlyle declares that the reformation of the individual can be achieved only through his obedience to the first intimations of duty. With Carlyle the call of duty becomes the gospel of labor, which is the corner stone of his philosophy. A true knowledge of self lies along the pathway of work. Out of the flux of things the worker fashions that which really matters, a life; and work is therefore the indispensable beginning of reform. It is those who are thus made worthy by reformation who can choose the worthy. This is his message through *Past and Present*. The people express themselves in their elections, and the kind of men who are thus elected will be no wiser or better than those who elect them. Carlyle feared democracy, the ballot, and the widespread cry of reform, because he feared political power in the hands of the foolish, idle, intemperate multitude. Political power in the hands of workers he did not fear. Out of this comes his theory that England's hope lies in reverence for the best men, who will become the right leaders of the nation.

England will either learn to reverence its Heroes, and discriminate them from its Sham-Heroes and Valets and gaslighted Histrios; and to prize them as the audible God's-voice, amid all inane Jargons and temporary market cries, and say to them with heart-loyalty, "Be ye King and Priest, and Gospel and Guidance for us": or else England will continue to worship new and ever-new forms of Quackhood—and so, with what resiliences and reboundings matters little, go down to the Father of Quacks! (*Past and Present*, Book III, Chapter XIII.)

This same thought, which Carlyle has expressed forcibly in other places also, Kingsley takes up in *Alton Locke*, where, in Chapter XV, the hero expresses his pleasure in being guided by people wiser than himself.

I assured him that I was only too much honoured—and I truly felt so. I knew myself to be in the presence of my rightful superior—my master on that very point of education which I idolized. Every sentence which he spoke gave me fresh light on some matter or other; and I felt a worship for him, totally irrespective of any vulgar and slavish respect for his rank and wealth. The working man has no want for real reverence. Mr. Carlyle's being a "gentleman" has not injured his influence with the people. On the contrary, it is the artizan's intense longing to find his real *lords* and guides which makes him despise and execrate his sham ones. Whereof let society take notice.

This is the sentiment of the whole book, the real gist of which is to be found in the chapter, "The True Demagogue." Through this book he is trying to convince the artisan that his best friends are the true aristocrats and the clergy, the natural leaders of the people.

Kingsley as well as Carlyle recognizes the aristocracy and the priesthood as the true leaders of the people, while he also, in the manner of Carlyle, denounces their indifference and their idleness and neglect of their responsibilities.

In Chapter X of *Chartism* Carlyle addresses the clergy:

Ye blind leaders of the blind! . . . To "teach" religion, the first thing needful, and also the last and the only thing, is finding of a man who *has* religion. All else follows from this, church-building, church-extension, whatever else is needful follows; without this nothing will follow.

It would be impossible for Kingsley to read such words and be unmoved by them. He is in a different position, and he has a far different attitude toward the Church as a religious institution from that of Carlyle; yet he sees its shortcoming and would stir it into activity. At the village revel, where Tregarva has taken Lancelot to show him the degra-

dation of the people, the game-keeper says to the hero of *Yeast*:

But what makes me maddest of all, sir, is to see that everybody sees these evils, except just the men who can cure them—the squires and the clergy.

Yet Kingsley seems to have some apology for the country parson, for he makes Tregarva say regarding them:

But no doubt, there's a great change for the better in the parsons. I remember the time, sir, that there was not an earnest clergyman in the vale; and now, every other man you meet is trying to do his best. But those London parsons, sir, what's the matter with them? For all their societies, and their schools, the devil seems to keep ahead of them sadly. I doubt they haven't found the right fly yet for publicans and sinners to rise at.

Alton Locke asks in reference to his prison-chaplain:

When will the clergy learn that their strength is in action, and not in argument? If they are to convert the masses, it must be by noble deeds, as Carlyle says, not by noisy theoretic laudation of a church, but by silent practical demonstration of the church.

Time and again the clergy's guilt in the neglect of the instruction of the people is expressed in *Alton Locke*. The Chartist Crossthwaite reproaches them:

They've got the monopoly of education in England, and they get their bread by it at their public schools and universities, and of course it's their interest to keep up the price of their commodity, and let no man have a taste of it who can't pay down handsomely.

In both *Yeast* and *Alton Locke* Kingsley brings out the idea that the working class mistrust the Church and its influence, because they feel that the Church is really an agent for the conservative and aristocratic element of society, caring little for the lower orders of society except as an instrument to serve the upper class, concerned more with creeds and dogmas than with the truth, betraying a woeful ignorance of the doubts, feelings, and even the language of the masses, and cringing before the authority of the landlords.

In *Yeast* and in *Alton Locke* he brings out the further fact that the Church is endeavoring to serve the people, and the clergy are improving in that respect. He also warns the lower class of their need of the clergy, and admonishes them to observe a right attitude toward the clergy who work in their interest. In Chapter XVII of *Alton Locke* the worthy dean warns Alton:

Mark my words, Mr. Locke, till you gain the respect and confidence of the clergy you will not rise. The day will come when you will find that the clergy are the only class who can help you. Ah, you may shake your head. I warn you of it. They were the only bulwark of the poor against the medieval tyranny of Rank; you will find them the only bulwark against the modern tyranny of Mammon.

Of course Kingsley has more to say of the clergy in connection with theological controversies, in these as well as in his other novels; but where he combats the Tractarian element, the influence that enters is not that of Carlyle. There he is speaking independently or expressing the attitude which he acquired from Maurice. Yet from his many quotations from the seer, we trace the stimulation of Carlyle.

Both Carlyle and Kingsley indict the aristocracy for neglect of their duties in regard to the social and economic problems of the country. The whole purpose of *Yeast* is to hold before the aristocracy the subject of their neglected duties, and these sentiments seem to be summed up in one sentence of Tregarva's: "I say, sir, that God makes you gentlemen, gentlemen, that you may see into these things."

In *Alton Locke* we have the landlords again brought to bar. In the chapter, "The Men Who are Eaten," we have the complaint summarized in Alton's recital of his experience with a country shoemaker.

He took me into his little cabin, and there, with the assistance of a shrewd, good-natured wife, shared with me the best he had; and after supper commenced, mysteriously and in trembling, as if the very walls might have ears, a rambling, bitter diatribe on the wrongs

and sufferings of the labourers; which went on till late in the night, and which I shall spare my readers: for if they have either brains or hearts they ought to know more than I can tell them, from the public prints, and, indeed, from their own eyes—although, as a wise man says, there is nothing more difficult than to make people see first the facts which lie under their own nose.

And so the chapter goes on with the tirade against the squires, with complaints from the laboring men that issue into a riot and a rush on the squire's granary.

Carlyle calls the lower classes to work, and he calls the real leaders of the people to work; he calls upon them to create a new Chivalry of Labor. He found in the old medieval social order a spirit which he wished to see revived in the new social order. The industrial present was to learn from the feudal past.

Kingsley endorsed this thought of a revival of the feudal spirit in practice. We find him writing to his future wife, in October, 1843, that in the matter of servants in the house they should return as far as possible "to the patriarchal and feudal spirit toward them." He mentions the same thought regarding merchants and clerks in an address delivered in Bristol years later. As late as 1871 he writes to his friend Charles Bunberry:

I would, if I could, restore the feudal system, the highest form of civilization—in ideal, not in practice—which Europe has ever seen.

In *Yeast* and in *Alton Locke* he brings out the idea of the lower classes earnestly desiring to find their real "lords."

Carlyle's influence on Kingsley, then, so far as religion was concerned, is seen in the inspiration which the seer's account of his conversion gave to the perplexed and confused student, whose spiritual condition at the time he read the works of Carlyle was similar to that of Carlyle in the time of which the record speaks. Through Carlyle's works Kingsley came to grasp the idea of the working of God in all creation, and to believe in the necessity of faith. Carlyle's greatest con-

tribution to Kingsley, however, is not in the strict sense theological but is rather in ethical and social philosophy. Carlyle's works stimulated Kingsley in his espousal of the cause of the poor in general, and Kingsley urges the same pleas that Carlyle made on their behalf, often in language that he borrowed from the greater social prophet. Kingsley, like Carlyle, advocates legislative interference in labor, sanitary and educational legislation, an organized emigration service, some system of profit-sharing, and the organization of labor. Kingsley, like Carlyle, attacks the aristocracy and the clergy for their listless attitude toward the social conditions in the country, and like Carlyle, Kingsley pleads with them to recognize their responsibility as the real leaders of the people.

It must be said that Kingsley did not blindly follow Carlyle in all of his theories, but went beyond Carlyle's suggestions in particular applications of certain problems. Carlyle's social and political theories are often colored by Kingsley with theological tenets which Carlyle did not hold, but which Kingsley acquired independently or through the attitude of his theological guide, Frederick Denison Maurice.

While it is true that Kingsley denied that he was in anywise in theology a follower of Thomas Carlyle, it is probably more true to say of his general teaching—theological, social, political—that he spoke what students of his works will accept as literal truth, when he wrote to Thomas Cooper in reference to Carlyle: "I cannot tell what I owe personally to the writing of this man."

We shall, therefore, turn to the more direct theological influence and see what Kingsley acquired from others.

One of the books which his future wife sent him during his undergraduate days was Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, a book that had its influence in convincing him that God's supernatural realm of action involved no contradiction of the laws of the natural world, implied no schism in the relations

between seen and unseen, but was a sphere parallel with the visible cosmos while it transcended that sphere; that the self-same God whose laws were visible in the outward frame of things was the invisible God working at the heart and centre of a veiled universe. *Aids to Reflection* is a collection of moral and religious aphorisms, with commentaries. While these are not sequentially connected, they are so arranged as to illustrate the author's purpose, to address his thoughts to the unspiritual but reflecting mind of the supposed pilgrim, who is led from worldly-mindedness to the acceptance of spiritual religion. Beginning with religion as Prudence, resultant from the sense and sensuous understanding, he ascends to the ground of morality, as inspired by the heart and conscience, and finally to spiritual religion, as presented by reason and the will. The doctrines of the book are those of the Church of England, broadly interpreted, and which Kingsley, in large measure, came openly to champion. We can well imagine that such a book would prove a great support to the disturbed student. The doctrine of first cause which runs through the work became, in after years, the germ of much of Kingsley's teaching on things material and spiritual, as seen in his letters to scientific friends, skeptics, and believers, in his sermons, and in the address on "Natural Theology" delivered at Sion College in 1871.

It was in the summer of 1842, after his ordination, that Maurice's *The Kingdom of Christ* was sent to Kingsley by the friend who had previously sent him Carlyle's works and Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. Mrs. Kingsley tells us that it was a crisis in his life, and that he always said he owed more to that book than to any other book he had ever read, for by it his views were cleared and his faith established. In that year the book came to its second edition, and in the preface of that edition there is a long dedication to Kingsley's old Helston schoolmaster, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of Samuel T. Coleridge. In that dedication Maurice ex-

plains that his own system of theological and ecclesiastical idealism was but a development of the ideas of the author of *Aids to Reflection* as to God and man, mind and matter, philosophy and morals, church and state.

There was much in *The Kingdom of Christ* to appeal to Kingsley's deep craving for a universal scheme and harmony of spiritual law, illumination, and progress of the world. In all things, spiritual and physical, he sought after Law, Divine Law, Law as expressing the mind and the will of the God of the universe. In *The Kingdom of Christ* such a scheme of spiritual law is presented and developed with remarkable subtlety. As *Sartor Resartus* contained the germ of Carlyle's philosophy, so *The Kingdom of Christ* contained in germ all of Maurice's theology, though his *Theological Essays* expanded and brought into bolder relief many of his ideas.

The central thought in Maurice's theology is the appeal from man to God. He believed that the nature of God and the emotions or sentiments of man concerning Him was the true foundation of religion. The Evangelical theology had made sinful man and not the God of all grace the foundation of Christian theology, while the Oxford Movement had failed to bring back the life of the creed. Maurice wrote for his age. He believed that he saw signs of a great yearning for the understanding and apprehension of the Eternal beneath and behind the show of the time.

The cry which I hear most loudly about me, which rings mostly clearly within me, is this: Has this age any connexion with the permanent and the Eternal? Is there any link between our present, our past, and our future; any One who unites the past, the present, and the future in Himself? Is there an Eternal God? Has he made himself known to us? Has He given us a right to trust Him now and for ever?

The attempt to answer these questions is seen in the warm emotion that pervades the *Theological Essays*, which set forth his ideas.

Charity, as in the theology of the Greek Fathers, is the ground and centre of existence; and God as the Infinite Charity is the starting point of all. Against the Divine Charity there shadows the vision of sin, which mars the fabric of human well-being and the serenity of the individual soul. It is this consciousness of the distressing presence of sin that led to many distorted views of sacrifice, to asceticism, to rites of expiation, and that has tortured mankind since the dawn of history. Sin, to Maurice, is an awakening to personal wrong done to a personal being. All sin in men is to be attributed to the presence of the Evil Spirit in man; and it is this spirit that establishes a tyranny over the will of man.

Man also discovers within him a universal longing for deliverance from this bondage, and the universal longing for a Deliverer. All men have a Redeemer in and with them, if they could only be brought to discover him. This Redeemer is the Son of God, "the Root of our humanity."

From this he brings out his ideas on the Incarnation. God might be quite incomprehensible in his essence and entirety, but in Christ we can know Him, for Christ was human, and His truth and love are our truth and love. We can understand God in Jesus, and our salvation lies in becoming more and more partakers of Christ's nature. Our righteousness will therefore be real and not forensic because imparted; it will be ideal in so far as it was aspirational and therefore imputed.

In accounting for the Incarnation Maurice does not see any reason for holding the theory of miraculous conception. He says that we receive the fact of the Incarnation because we ask of God a redemption, not for a few persons nor for a few evil tendencies, but for all humanity and from all the ills that torment them.

From this he goes on to the doctrine of the Atonement, which he sees in the light of the Incarnation. This is the reverse of the popular theology, which apprehends the Incarnation from the experience of the Atonement. He repudiates the substitutionary theory of the Atonement. He de-

nounces a scheme of things which would make divine justice different from human justice. He protests against any explanation of Christ changing the will of God. It is sin and not the penalty of sin which He came to remove by the full revelation through His incarnation.

This leads him to the doctrine of the future life. He denies any general resurrection or judgment. "The voice of the archangel and the trump of God," told of in 1 Corinthians xv, means the warning given to nations of judgment coming. As there is no death or resurrection, there is no intermediate state. That is only a pagan dream or a frightful Jewish vision, the offspring of ignorance or fear, or a Christian delusion grounded on these. Heaven and Hell have no existence; they are the righteousness of the righteous, and the wickedness of the wicked.

To believe in Christ's regeneration we must regard Christ as the Restorer of humanity to its true and proper position, as the Head and Bond of universal brotherhood, and must assert Him as the spiritual Root and Ground of society.

Baptism and the Eucharist are witnesses, not creators, of that eternal order. The Church is therefore human society in its true order. The world is that same society, irregular and abnormal.

He held no peculiar view of the method of inspiration, but declared that all inspiration was subject to human conditions. The object of his faith was He of whom the Scriptures spoke, the Eternal Word, and it was for those who clung to the letter of the Book to take counsel with critics. It was not by the vindication of authenticity of any book that a change was brought to the life of men and nations.

It is natural that from this reasoning Maurice should come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as eternal punishment, the doctrine which caused his dismissal from King's College. He believed in chastisement but not in punishment. The word "eternal" did not mean everlasting, in the sense

of duration. It implied the nature of God. Hell is an eternal state; heaven is an eternal state. It does not follow because the state is fixed that you will be fixed in that state. Hell is here and now, as well as yonder and hereafter. You may be in hell today and out tomorrow.

It was in 1844, after he was established as rector of Eversley, that Kingsley became acquainted with Maurice. He had already read Maurice's *The Kingdom of Christ* and from that reading had regarded Maurice as his "dear Master." Maurice had a misty style that needed an interpreter, and he found an able one in Charles Kingsley, who was so fascinated by him that he said he lived to interpret the prophet. Kingsley was not a mere echo of Maurice; he drew from other sources; but the mind of Maurice is seen in nearly all his writing.

Years later Kingsley said of Maurice's *The Kingdom of Christ* that it was

The ablest "apology" for the Catholic Faith which England had seen for more than two hundred years. The ablest, and perhaps practically the most successful; for it has made the Catholic Faith look living, rational, practicable, and practical, to hundreds who could rest neither in modified Puritanism nor modified Romanism, and still less in Scepticism, however earnest.

When, in 1853, Maurice's *Theological Essays* appeared and the author found himself in trouble with the authorities at King's College, Kingsley wrote to a friend:

Maurice's essay will constitute an epoch. If the Church of England rejects them her doom is fixed. She will rot and die, as the Alexandrian did before her. If she accepts them—not as "a code complete," but as hints toward a new method of thought, she may save herself still.

Here it would seem that he gave his full allegiance to those theological ideas that we have reported from the *Essays*. In a letter of the same date he wrote to Maurice that he had refrained from writing to him about the *Essays* until

*This does
not seem to
be the
Maurice
book & the
next
Hypocrite*

he had read them over many times, and now that he had done so he wished to assure him that he agreed with and admired them, and that he believed the book would mark a new era in English ecclesiastical history. He said that he had often had thoughts similar to those expressed in the essays, but that he had never dared to express them but now was setting them forth in a set of sermons on the Catechism, "accompanying your angel's trump on my private penny whistle." This is a clear indication of the attitude of Kingsley toward Maurice, and this attitude he retained to the end of Maurice's life in 1872.

During the time that Kingsley was associated with Maurice in social work it often seems as if Kingsley were the real leader, so inspiring does he become to the older man. There are times, too, as in the series of letters that passed between the two men in 1855, when Kingsley apparently has some uncertainty about some of the teachings of Maurice. He weighed and considered what it was his "dear Master" taught, but he nevertheless considered Maurice his master in theology.

It would be impossible, without an undue extension of this chapter, to cite the innumerable instances in *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*, and, indeed, in the other novels, where the Mauricean theology is prominent. Perhaps one quotation from Mr. John Martineau, who was a pupil in Kingsley's home when *Yeast* was written, will tell in summary the story of that influence.

As his "Master," as he affectionately and humbly called Mr. Maurice, was a theologian, and, in its original sense, a "Prophet," so Mr. Kingsley, as Priest and Poet, glorified in interpreting, expanding, applying him. "I think this will explain a good deal of Maurice," was the single remark I heard him make when he completed *Yeast*.

There is much in Kingsley with which Maurice had nothing to do—his eye for beauty, his scientific bent, his love of sport, his poetic appreciation of nature—things that Maurice barely understood. There is little in Kingsley's theology,

strictly speaking, which did not come from Maurice. Moreover, Kingsley as well as Maurice, never overcame in his practical theology the influence of his antecedents. As has been pointed out, Kingsley's father was a thorough-going Evangelical, and the Evangelical message we find throughout Kingsley's writings, sometimes with almost the austerity of Calvinism. In spite of his half-chaotic inheritance from Maurice, there is much in his published sermons with which all Evangelical bodies agree.

Here, then, were the intellectual leaders of Kingsley—Coleridge, Maurice, and Carlyle. Coleridge was also a teacher of Maurice, but Carlyle, when placed with the other two, might offer a riddle. There was a superficial difference, but there was a greater fundamental likeness between them, and this likeness Kingsley shared with them. All of them more or less saw facts through the imagination and leaned more upon poetic intuition than upon the cool process of scientific reasoning. They all exalted the spirit above the written authority, as they agreed in discarding the framework of dogma. They were all men of imaginative minds, and as such they were chiefly satisfied by that which made its appeal to them through the emotions. In short, in spite of the variety of their work and method, there is a mystical bond that unites them and that accounts for their affinity one to the others.

IV

YEAST

WHEN Kingsley returned from his visit to London, where he saw the Chartist agitation come to nought, he immediately set about writing *Yeast*, which made its appearance in instalments in *Fraser's Magazine* from July to December, 1848. The work did not appear in book form until 1851, a year after *Alton Locke* was published. *Yeast* was his first attempt at novel-writing. Kingsley was not altogether responsible for the half-chaotic form of the work as it appeared in the magazine; for while the proprietors were warm friends of the author and believed in his ideas, they were afraid, from the complaints they received, that the magazine would be hurt if the articles continued. He writes on December 19, 1848:

Altogether, I am so dissatisfied with *Yeast*, that I shall lay it by *pro tem*. It was finished, or rather cut short, to please Fraser, and now it may lie and ferment for a few years.

Yeast bears the marks of the troubled period in which it was written, following immediately upon the violent shocks of 1848. Kingsley had not yet adopted for his creed the name of Christian Socialism; he had no set social ideas, though he did have aspirations in that direction. His program is now the same as that which appeared in *Politics for the People*: condemning revolutionary Chartism, preaching a superior Chartism in which political changes will bring about social improvement, and above all preaching an inner moral reformation which alone will be able to save England.

He was stimulated to write *Yeast* by the unusual conditions existing in agricultural districts during the years from

1846 on. In that year the spirits of the farmers were discouraged by a bad harvest and a devastating potato blight, as a result of which there came the great Irish famine of 1846-47. The deficiency of the corn harvest and the increased demand for wheat, due to the destruction of the potato crop, caused wheat, barley, and oats, in spite of considerable imports, to rise to extreme prices. By 1849, as a result of free trade, prices began to decline, though with that there came a depression in business which caused the agriculturists to fear the worst. In 1850 Sir James Caird made a trip of thirteen months through the agricultural districts of England for the purpose of investigating, on behalf of *The Times*, the exact conditions; and he reported that in 1846, immediately before the repeal of the Corn Laws, the average wage of the agricultural laborer was nine shillings sixpence a week. Yet, miserably as the laborers were paid and hard as was their lot, they were better off than in the days of protection, as it was estimated that the cost of provisions had fallen thirty per cent from 1840 to 1850. The living conditions were deplorable, and there were few agricultural districts that had as yet made any use of tile drains. As late as 1850, in many of the counties which he visited, Sir James found scarcely any tile-draining in progress, though in some counties there was evidence of awakened interest among a few landlords. It was these conditions, among others, that Kingsley was bent upon setting forth to the public when he wrote *Yeast*.

Kingsley was able to give a concrete basis to his idealism through his knowledge of the agricultural laborer. His theory was fortified by experience; for when he went to Eversley he found such a situation and he effected just such a cleaning up of moral and social conditions as he here urges the clergy to attempt. What he did he thought others might do, if they regarded their task as not merely writing sermons, marrying and christening and burying, but seeking a higher level for society—morally, socially, intellectually, physically. Here

was a people, religious at heart, who had grown disgusted with the bald, unappealing message of the Church, and were now turning from it. Kingsley saw that if the Church was to do anything for them it must recognize its duty in other terms than in what it called divine service. Human service, inspired by brotherhood, was needed, and he would summon the Church to this task that she might save her life by losing it.

On the other hand, Kingsley saw the Church losing ground through the thousands who could find no rest because they looked for an external authority and were going to the logical place to find it—the Roman Catholic Church.

The novel is, therefore, a polemic, with many doctrines and many parties set before us, with the theory that political, moral, and religious idealism can be recovered for England only as these several parties make their contributions of wisdom. From the many parties he makes a choice of that which will be of use. In the Preface of 1851, he says:

In the following pages I have attempted to show what some at least of the young in these days are really thinking and feeling.

Thus it is “Young England” that is the subject of *Yeast*, but a young England that is larger than the party of that name. Social Toryism has its place there, but it is measured by an impartial critic and gauged by a standard superior to that of a party advocate. *Yeast* brings together all the forces and ideas that are contributing to the general confusion of the period—the Oxford Movement, the Esthetic Revival, Social Toryism, the new philosophy—and endeavors to distinguish and to reconcile them. Kingsley feels that all these various elements are contributing to a fundamental unity, and that out of these, which seem at once harmony and contradiction, will come the ultimate solution of these problems which are so sorely vexing the times. At the same time he wishes rightly to guide this variety of thought that is seething in the heads of the young folk of England.

Frankly a social treatise, the book does not fulfil the artistic requirements of the novel. The author is too much the preacher and not enough of a story-teller. He has, however, made a strong plea for social equality, for economic improvement of the laboring class, and for independent thought and action. The book is what it pretends to be—a problem narrative—and as such it becomes subjective. Nowhere else in his writings, except perhaps in *Alton Locke*, does he paint in more vivid colors or with more painful realism the extremes of luxury and poverty. He is never pessimistic, for while he cannot see his way out, he is never without hope. He can furnish no definite program for righting the horrible conditions which he holds up to our loathing. The novel ends in Utopia just because Kingsley can furnish no definite solution of the puzzle, and yet refuses to lose hope. There is a savor of journalistic immediacy in the dashing spirit of the book, the result, we suspect, of the pamphleteering in which Kingsley was engaged while he was writing the story.

Half the aspirations of the book have today become normal conditions—living wages, better homes, better opportunities for education. The real problem has not been solved, for that with him seems to be how to bring the Kingdom of God upon earth. We have long since found that draining swamps and extending sewerage systems will not do it, and before he was many years older Kingsley himself came to that conclusion. He, therefore, challenges not only the squires but the clergy to meet the situation by answering the needs of those in their charge with a more practical, more intelligible, more satisfying application of the Gospel they profess to preach.

The plot of *Yeast* is so thin as scarcely to cast a shadow. During a thrilling fox hunt on the estate of Squire Lavington, Lancelot Smith, a wealthy young sportsman, is injured. Argemone, the Squire's daughter, becomes an efficient nurse, restoring Smith to health and attempting to reform his ethi-

cal standards. During Smith's convalescence, Tregarva, the Squire's philosophical game-keeper, adds further instruction on the social, economic, and moral conditions of the lower class. The hero is taken by the game-keeper to a village revel, in a chapter that brings us to the peak of the story and gives us the philosophy of the author.

Later, Lancelot dines with Lord Minchampstead, and in a conversation between them we are given an insight into the various social and economic ideas which characterize the outlook of the upper class of society. On the way home the Lavington coach is upset; Lancelot offers his cart for the family; Argemone and he walk. From that point the struggle for Argemone is between the nunnery and the prospect of married happiness. She dies, however, from fever caught while ministering to the needs of a family on her father's estate. The Squire's neglect of the poor has come back upon him in the loss of his daughter.

Misfortune and the attendant circumstances complete the education of Lancelot. His money is lost through a bank failure, and he sets out to make a manly fight for self-support. From the lowly position of porter he is carried off by the mysterious Barnakill to the country of Prester John, there to search for the solution of social and religious problems that have so sorely vexed his soul.

In the Epilogue the author sums up the characters who have played a part in the story and makes known his attitude toward each. He offers the suggestion that if the reader is not satisfied with the incomplete tale, he should examine himself and see whether in his own life all the doubts, inconsistencies, custom-worship, and idolatry have been righted, and whether all the greed, recklessness, and respectably superstitious atheism around him have been corrected; before he has settled this question perhaps Lancelot and Tregarva will have returned with a message for the poor sinners and slaves of Whitford Priors.

Lancelot Smith is meant to be the hero, for he is the centre of the romance and the occasion of many of the heavy thrusts at things as they are. He is an amazing blend of muscle and metaphysics. When we meet him he is not a pagan, but he has no use for the orthodox churches of the day. He has read German philosophy and is deeply steeped in Carlyle. He has all the marks of a sporting gentleman, and we recognize him as the true ancestor of other virile heroes of Kingsley's novels. In letters to his cousin Luke, the Tractarian curate, he denounces effeminacy in Anglican and Catholic churches, stresses the need of social betterment, and consecrates his life to a noble end.

Our interest, however, is divided between the development of Lancelot and that of Tregarva, the game-keeper; Cazamian, in *Le Roman Social en Angleterre*, is probably right in saying that the book has two heroes instead of one. In their common sympathies and their alliance for a common work they symbolize the union of popular movements and the intellectual aristocracy—the dream of Christian Socialism. Here we have two men with souls equal, but with education and nature widely separating them. Tregarva has genuine religious faith, though he is somewhat strict and austere in his conception of the religious life. He has a poetic nature, a habit of reflection, and a heart responsive to social need. Lancelot, with his German philosophy, his fondness for natural science, and his love of art, and somewhat covetous of a social rôle, though unconcerned about the poor until Tregarva stirs him up, is the natural complement of the fervid Tregarva. These men symbolize forces impotent to deal with social conditions when separated, but when brought together able to bring heart and brain to the great task of social redemption; and together they make up that fabulous kingdom which, in Chapter XVII, Kingsley places as the ideal of Christian Socialism.

While it is Tregarva who affects the development of the

hero in the first place, other persons and further influences add to the inspiration. Some of these influences are of a more intimate nature than others; yet when taken together they represent the various ideas and theories that are engaging the attention of the young people of the time.

Among the first of these influences comes the Squire's daughter, Argemone Lavington—a religious mystic, under Tractarian influence. "She was somewhat High Church in her notions, and used to go every Wednesday and Friday to the chapel in the hills . . . for an hour's mystic devotion, set off by a little graceful asceticism." She loves Lancelot for his robust simplicity, and in contact with him she loses that mystic yearning which at first inclined her to the Church of Rome. She has a strong influence over Lancelot and shares with Tregarva the honor of leading the hero into the Christian faith. However, they are not to be united, though before she dies she lights a flame of religious and social idealism in the heart of Lancelot. In dying she bequeathes him a mission of social work.

Still another person influenced Lancelot in the undertaking of this social crusade. With Argemone off the stage, what should the author do with Lancelot? He solves the problem by having appear the unparalleled transcendental business man—the strange, gruff, mysterious, and wealthy Barnakill. He is full of strange allusions to past and future, displays a weird omniscience concerning things trivial and tremendous, and dazzles our hero with his moral perfection. Barnakill says that he will take Lancelot away to have his education completed in some land where the social problems have all been solved and where men live by just and unselfish laws. Lancelot asks about the underlying principle of the proposed ideal commonwealth. What is it to be? Barnakill answers: "Jesus Christ—the man." We are lost in the vague speculations of the dreamer and confused by his mystical outpourings on the spiritually awakening Lancelot. Barna-

kill's Mauricean theology triumphs over Lancelot's skeptical scruples, and the hero at last goes off to the mysterious country of Prester John to seek the rules and the examples that are to save England, thus closing the novel with a strange mixture of realism and fancy.

Barnakill, while differing in many characteristics, plays the same rôle in *Yeast* that Sidonia plays in Disraeli's famous trilogy, *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*; but Kingsley, under date of December 19, 1848, writes to Mr. John Conington: "Quite right; the Prophet is too like Sidonia; but I never read *Coningsby* till the other day, when the Prophet was months old."

There are places in *Yeast*, as in Chapter XIII, where Kingsley undoubtedly refers to *Coningsby* in ironical terms, but these places are the retouches or additions he made when *Yeast* appeared in volume form, and they would in no way affect his statement that he had not read Disraeli's book until after he had finished his own.

Beside these characters who represent forces to which Kingsley looks for the ultimate solution of the ills of society, there is an opposing array from whom he hopes for nothing. Squire Lavington is the traditional man in his situation—a hunter, a heavy drinker, a man wrapped up in his traditional prerogatives, blind to every sense of duty to the lower class, jealous of every encroachment upon the ancient customs that separated the classes and exaggerated class distinction. Whether or not he was drawn from life, there is a resemblance between Squire Lavington and Sir John Cope, the poor country squire of Eversley whom Kingsley, when he went there, found living the usual life of ease. He is pictured here, however, as a type of those men who are not bad but who, in spite of certain amiable qualities, are not good for much until they are aroused to some social responsibility.

Colonel Bracebridge also represents a certain type of country gentleman—the worst type. He is brilliant, cynical, blasé,

at times captivating. He has the natural qualities of a leader, but his skepticism and the lack of moral principle neutralize all the better parts of his makeup and unfit him for playing any part in the program of social redemption. He has seduced a country girl and abandoned her to her fate. When he hears of the death of the child and the imprisonment of the mother, he commits suicide.

Mammonism is represented by Smith the banker. Here again we find a man not bad in himself, but so wrapped up in making money that he has neither time nor inclination to consider the needs of the poor. He shows a cynical attitude in his inability to understand Lancelot's enthusiasm for social reform.

Selfishness can collect, not unite, a herd of cowardly wild cattle, that they may feed together, breed together, keep off the wolf and the bear together. But when one of your wild cattle falls sick, what becomes of the corporate feelings of the herd then? . . . Your Bible talks of society, not as a herd, but as a living tree, an organic individual body, a holy brotherhood and Kingdom of God. (Chapter XIV.)

Individual instinct is too strong in this man to enable him to make any contribution to the work for social solidarity, and he is here represented as a type of a class from whom little or nothing can be expected toward a solution of social wrongs.

The representatives of the Tractarian Movement complete the group of antipathetic forces displayed in this novel. This movement, as we have seen, aroused repulsion in the soul of Kingsley, for he saw in Catholicism the two phases of asceticism and mystical sensuality which he believed belied the nature of man, and he saw in their casuistry and subtlety only a disguised form of lying. Such are the complaints of Lancelot to Luke, his Tractarian cousin, in the letters we have in Chapters II, V, VIII, XII, and XIV. The correspondence between the two is an exposition and criticism of

the reasons for certain Church of England priests going over to the Church of Rome. All these reasons Kingsley brings back to the cause of weakness, a slackening of conscience, and a capitulation to the will that guides the disciples of John Henry Newman. They have found peace and satisfying tranquillity, but as it may be found in opium and alcohol.

“We of the True Church have some one to keep our consciences for us. The padre settles all about what is right and wrong, and we slip on as easily as—” “A hog or a butterfly!” said the vicar, bitterly. . . . “Exactly,” answered Luke. “And, on your own showing, are clean gainers of a happy life here, not to mention heaven hereafter. God bless you! We shall soon see you one of us.” (Chapter XII.)

Kingsley has more hope of the esthetic renaissance, for there he sees a great truth lying close to great error. Here he sees a hope of bringing art to the common people, but he sees a danger in placing the ideals of art before them without an ideal of God. Claude Mellot lives for the beautiful, but he wastes his time and talent in painting Venus. There is much in Kingsley’s expositions of art that reminds us of Ruskin, but from a letter which Kingsley wrote to his wife on August 17, 1849, a year after *Yeast* appeared in *Fraser’s*, we are justified in the belief that he was reading Ruskin for the first time. However, Kingsley’s ideal of Christian Socialism was in harmony with the revival of art, and in the end he has Lancelot devote himself to the cultivation of the beautiful. In this line of thought the theology of Maurice is again discernible, especially in his doctrine of the incarnation which glorified all human life and bound beauty and religion together.

Kingsley brings before us the various political forces of the day in characters that represent the different phases of thought. Lord Minchampstead is the type of the new Whig noble, created from the industrial middle class. His father

was a rich man who had risen from the lower ranks. The son had increased the father's wealth and had added to his inheritance.

From a mill owner he grew to coal-owner, ship-owner, banker, railway director, money lender to kings and princes; and last of all, as the summit of his own and his compeer's ambition, to landowner. (Chapter VI.)

As soon as he is established on the land he begins to change the old régime. He establishes schools for the children, builds new cottages for the workers, opens hunting courses to the poor, allots parcels of ground for individual working, opens common pastures and effects a strict application of the new Poor-Law. Yet this man does not represent the ideal Kingsley has for the upper class. His conception of life is narrow, and in its practice there is often found an imposition of evil on those around him. What harm he does is done unconsciously, however, and with all his defects he is infinitely superior to the lazy, ignorant, and extravagant Squire Lavington. Minchampstead may have been Mammon-blinded, but he is kindly and upright. His greatest redeeming trait is that he incarnates Carlyle's gospel of labor for the rich.

Young England, the party of aristocratic idealists who gathered around Disraeli, and whom Kingsley considered deficient because insipid, he represents by Lord Vieuxbois, occupied with the needs of the poor, giving himself to charitable projects, religious in his philanthropy, sympathetic to Christian Socialism, and yet with an excess of aristocratic refinement that spoiled the generosity and justice of his views. Kingsley wishes the young lord well, but does not look to him to solve the problems of the age, for he has yet to learn that God is living now as well as in the Middle Ages, and to learn also that ancient precedents are not necessarily eternal principles, and that kindly charity is not the whole of his responsibility to the lower class.

In this book Kingsley is predominantly occupied with sanitary reform, a theme that interested him more and more to the end of his career. It is as an apostle of health of body and soul that he describes the scenes with which the story of *Yeast* is interwoven. The theme runs throughout the book, but in the chapter entitled "The Village Revel" the author brings the condition before us by description, dialogue, comment, and exchange of opinion between Lancelot and Tregarva. It is there that we look upon ordinary people stunted, dwarfed, and degraded, rather than upon an inferior race. In the conversation we learn the cause of all this degradation.

The horrible living conditions are the consequences of the Squire's neglect. The landlord class have not awakened to any sense of responsibility for the people who live on their estates. When they have paid the pittance which they call wages they have fulfilled what they consider their entire obligation. Dilapidated hovels for homes, insufficient and inadequate food, deficient schooling for the children, the utter neglect of all the amenities of health and happiness for the laborers have driven these people to a hostile attitude toward the ruling classes and fostered a feeling of injustice which would yet lead to revolution. It is because of the Squire's neglect and his concern for the prerogatives of his class that there exist in the agricultural districts a people sunk low in body and mind and too stupid and spiritless to do more than nourish a blind feeling of resentment against those who should naturally be their leaders.

In connection with the responsibility of the landlords, there is the old Poor-Law which permitted promiscuous doles to the laboring class to make up for the insufficient wages paid for work. This is recognized as one of the evils that pauperize the lower classes and in many cases encourage idleness and idolence. Tregarva explains the condition to Lancelot, in Chapter XIII:

Oh, sir, the old law has bit too deep; it made them slaves and beggars at heart. It taught them not to be ashamed of parish pay—to demand it as a right.

Thus the poor are degraded into beggars and deprived of the opportunity of making themselves self-respectful. So long as the parish will support them if proper wages do not, why take any attitude toward life other than “eat and drink, for tomorrow we die”? Proper taxes and right wages, not charity, are demanded.

The question with them, sir, believe me, is not so much, How shall we get better fed and better housed, but whom shall we depend upon for our food and for our house? Why should we depend on the will and fancy of any man for our rights? They are asking ugly questions among themselves, sir, about what those two words, rent and taxes, mean, and about what that strange word, freedom, means. Right or wrong, they’ve got the thought into their heads, and it’s growing there, and they will find an answer for it. Depend upon it, sir, I tell you a truth, and they expect a change. (Chapter XIII.)

Kingsley also felt that the country clergy needed shaking into some form of social activity. They were not a very efficient class as a whole, and probably the blame was not entirely theirs. Their training had been deficient; they knew more of books than of life, and their dependence upon the good-will of the landlords did not give them much freedom of action. Yet they must be aroused to a comprehension of their social responsibility and not rest content with themselves when they had officiated at the services of the church. They must become guardians of the physical and intellectual as well as of the spiritual life of the people. They ought to be informed on science and philosophy so as to deal with the manifold problems that were perplexing the young people in their parishes. They had something more to do than to encourage the aristocracy in the belief that “God sent them into the world to eat, drink, and be merry, and to have ‘their souls saved’ under the Spurgeon plan after they died.” In the Preface of 1859 Kingsley tells us that he is

convinced that the Anglican Revival has failed, and that he is here pointing out the reasons for the failure.

Along with this religious discussion, in which he presents to us several clergymen of various types representing as many tendencies in the Church which ought to be corrected, Kingsley takes the opportunity to make a few thrusts at the Tractarian Movement. Indeed, a great portion of the book is given over to this polemical discussion, and the whole becomes in that respect a sort of continuation of *Tracts for the Times*. We have at the outset a picture of Argemone seriously considering entering a nunnery and giving herself up to contemplation of her own spiritual condition. She is rescued from that by Lancelot's influence, and in the end she influences him toward becoming the apostle of reform. Lancelot and his cousin Luke exchange long letters pro and con on the question, but they hardly come to any conclusion other than that the end of religion is action.

Kingsley believed that art and beauty are necessary for an adequate culture of mind and soul, and this theory, as part of the educational scheme he never ceased to advocate, finds a place in *Yeast* through the medium of the rather mythical characters of Claude Mellot and Sabina, as well as through the hero.

Maurice and Carlyle vie with each other for a place of honor in the ideas set forth in *Yeast*, and there is mention of many other authors to enforce the thought. There is a heterogeneous erudition exhibited by the chief characters in the form of allusions to an almost unbelievably long list of authorities.

As a novel, the book is not an artistic creation. The plot is slight and there is not enough evident unity of purpose. The author shoots at a variety of evils of his day with buck-shot. The social, economic, and religious problems tumble over one another in a bewildering manner, and the characters come upon the stage, say their piece, and disappear, to work

out a somewhat nebulous and misty destiny. Yet before they are properly introduced they begin to preach to us. Lancelot and Claude Mellot, the painter, sit down on a log beside a stream, and before they are acquainted Lancelot informs Claude about the evils of prudish Manichaeism. When Lancelot and Tregarva meet, Tregarva says, "Beautiful stream, this," and follows this up with "Are men likely to be healthy when they are worse housed than a pig?" Thus, the characters become preachers before they develop personalities. We have already indicated our belief that the characters are for the most part types, but we question whether Colonel Bracebridge, the fox-hunter and courteous seducer, is not out of place in the Victorian company. He seems rather a type of a century earlier. However that may be, Kingsley's treatment of him is a farce. We cannot conceive of such a character committing suicide because of a letter received from the wronged girl, in which she said: "How I loved you once! How I hate you now! But I have my revenge. Your baby cried twice after it was born!" The social novelist has here become the writer of melodramatic comedy. Nor does he altogether disconnect himself from that identity in much of the sentiment which exists here and there throughout the book, and which neither aids the thought nor pushes on the plot. To Argemone's coy contention that the angelic life is single, Lancelot replies:

"How do you know that these angels as they call them, if they be really persons, may not be united by some marriage bond?"

"That is a very wild view, Mr. Smith, and not sanctified by the Church," said Argemone.

There are many passages of this kind of sentiment, and it is more than difficult to believe that such questions were among the problems of the age or were things about which the young people were concerned.

There are, however, many beautiful and forceful passages

above reproach. The book opens with a scene so fresh and stimulating that we thirst for more. The verses of the game-keeper sum up with splendid vigor Kingsley's diagnosis of the rural social disease, and there are many scenes equally vivid in presenting facts. The story is a series of pictures that give us brief detached glimpses of thought rather than a panorama of sustained reflection. As it is, it constitutes a listening point for the conflicting movements of Victorian thought. Writing to his friend Ludlow, Kingsley says:

In *Yeast* I have tried to show the feelings which are working in the age in a fragmentary and turbid state. In the next part, *The Artists*, I shall try to unravel the tangled skein, by means of conversations on art, connected as they will be necessarily with the deepest questions on science, anthropology, social life, and Christianity. And looking at the art of a people as at once the very truest symbol of its faith, and a vast means for its further education, I think it a good path in which to form the mind of my hero, the man of the coming age.

He goes on to say that in a third volume he will have the lovers working out a different destiny at Whitford and that they will thus become an ideal pair of pioneers toward the society of the future. This plan for a trilogy is a good indication of the vagueness of his social thought at the time the book was written. All sorts of social ideas were fermenting in his head, but by the time the work came out in book form he had conceived a more intelligent program. He added Chapters V, VII, and XV, made other retouches and additions, and then turned his thoughts into different channels.

It is difficult to measure the influence of *Yeast* upon the age for which it was written. That it did have an influence is beyond question, but how wide-spread that influence was it is impossible to determine. It was received in various ways by the public, according to conservative or radical ideas. Among the letters which Mrs. Kingsley gave to the world, there are several which testify to the wholesome influence

of the book upon young people who were passing through periods of doubt and who were troubled about the chaotic religious conditions of the time.

The book will probably continue to be read by students interested in English social conditions, in spite of the fact that many of these wrongs have been righted; for nothing more powerful has been written about the game-laws and the sins of the landlords by all the long list of social writers from Kingsley to Galsworthy. As a story, however, it can hardly be expected to hold much interest for the average reader. It is a polemic, and like many other nineteenth century novels of purpose, it is now largely beyond the range of interest of the present generation. It was written to serve Kingsley's own generation, and in so far as it bears on problems that recur in every generation, it will have a perennial interest. The book is instructive as a historical study of social problems and the ideas that were fermenting in the brains of young people three generations ago; but when all is said about the continuity of young people's problems, it must be admitted that today the yeast is of a different substance. Men are tempted today, as Lancelot was tempted in the mid-Victorian period, but the temptation takes a different form. The young man tempted with his doubts today, for instance, would not waver between the past of the ascetic Luke moving toward Rome and that of the mysterious Barnakill searching for Utopia. This kind of magic armor would no more suit a young man today than that of Saul suited David when he went out to meet Goliath. Nor is the controversy between asceticism and the frank acceptance of man's nature, restrained by such rules as experience has taught are good for society and the individual, the narrow issue between Catholicism and Protestantism today. Yet the issue is there, and he who reads with understanding may find not only interest in historical controversies and problems, but light toward the solution of those of his own day. *Yeast*, however, was not written for the twentieth century; it was

written with journalistic immediacy for the middle of the nineteenth century, and as such it added to the influences that sought to smooth the way for the youth who would retain his faith and serve his own generation by the consecration of his talents.

A book published in 1848, when this book was appearing in *Fraser's* and in some respects similar to *Yeast*, is *Loss and Gain* by John Henry Newman. It has nothing to do with economic and social affairs, as has Kingsley's book, but concentrates on the state of affairs at Oxford during the time when young minds were being profoundly stirred by the Oxford Movement. There is a similar lack of plot, there are similar dialogues, colloquies, and discussions, all driving the young hero toward the Roman Catholic Church, where he finally lands.

The book is no more a real novel than is *Yeast*; indeed, the semblance of a plot is even more flimsy. Much of *Yeast* is a series of dialogues in which the Tractarians are defended or denounced. All of this book is of that nature, and for that reason it grows monotonous; though probably it is a just exposition of the steps by which a craving for final authority on religious matters ultimately leads a humble mind to submit itself to the church that claims infallibility in matters of morality and doctrine.

Loss and Gain is a Catholic polemic, as *Yeast* is a Protestant polemic, but the book scarcely has enough of real human life about it to save it from being a mere doctrinal dispute. It is impossible to say what purpose it served, other than to relieve the feelings of the author, who stated in the preface of a later edition that "he was desirous of dissipating the fog of pomposity" which a certain author had recently thrown around "a tale directed against the Oxford converts to the Catholic Faith." As a piece of propaganda against Kingsley's onslaughts it failed to make the impact on the public mind produced at a later period by the publication of the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.

Other writers have made this theme an undercurrent in the novel; but that the controversy is not altogether a dead theme for English novelists today is seen in the trilogy produced by Compton Mackenzie, an author who is not a clergyman but who has finally joined the procession of those who have gone from the national Church to the Roman Catholic Church.

In *The Altar Steps* (1922) he gives us a study of the Anglo-Catholic movement in the Church of England, centered in the life history of a boy, who at the age of fifteen vows himself to the priesthood. His boyhood days are charmingly depicted, and the author maintains a nice balance between the Anglo-Catholic party and its opponents until, when Mark Lidderdale is seventeen, a melodramatic episode is introduced, in which the hero is vouchsafed "the miracle of St. Mary Magdalene's intervention." From that point on the author's sympathies are obviously on the side to which the hero ultimately goes.

The Parson's Progress (1924) takes Mark as a young curate from one parish to another, and pictures him as an earnest and hard-working parson endeavoring to persuade conservative and cautious rectors of the need for more symbolism in the service. We see him led from one point to another, adopting the mass and the confessional, and finally landing back in his old home in Cornwall to work out his destiny.

In *The Heavenly Ladder* (1924) the story of Mark's progress toward Rome is continued and, after a long journey through three volumes of psychological introspection, he finally arrives there.

Kingsley did not confine his attack on the Anglo-Catholic movement to *Yeast*; he returned to it in all his novels of romance and in *Two Years Ago*. Nor has he, in this novel, said all on the social problems of his generation. We have a more powerful treatment of these in *Alton Locke*, to which we shall now turn.

V

ALTON LOCKE

SINCE WRITING *Yeast*, the author had learned much. He had seen with his own eyes some of the things that excited his indignation and which he gives here in graphic pictures. *The Morning Chronicle* had been printing a series of articles on the sufferings of the poor, which Kingsley had read and from which he drew much material. He visited, in October, 1849, the district of Bermondsey on the south side of the Thames, the principal district devastated by the epidemic of cholera, and in *Alton Locke* he devotes a chapter to that scourged quarter. *The Morning Chronicle* had suggested that visit to him. He had lived in London, where his father was rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea, and he was sensitive to many conditions in the metropolis that needed change. His association with Maurice and the organizers of the workingmen's unions added much to his information and especially guided his thought.

Revolutionary Chartism had failed; the advocates of "moral force" had won a victory over the partisans of "physical force." Relief by political enactment was unexpected, yet the workingmen were not hopeless. Robust thinkers and poetic geniuses were among these workingmen, and Kingsley perceived the power that lay in depicting what he saw. Here was the circumstance that offered all the resources needed for expounding his personal opinion of the political movement which was yet so fresh in the minds of his countrymen. And here, in these enlightened Chartists, was suggestion enough for setting forth his ideas on the inequality of opportunity for education, the possibilities of the

workingman proving his metal when circumstances allowed, and the value to the country of placing at the disposal of all a knowledge of science and art. That many of the Chartists were irreligious Kingsley knew, and here again he found grounds for setting up his pulpit on the stage.

The book appeared in August, 1850. Of course the verdict of the press was hostile. Following closely upon the Chartist uprising that had shaken England with the fears of revolution, the book stirred the resentment of many who opposed the movement. Yet Kingsley had been an eye-witness of the culmination of that movement on April 10, 1848, and in *Alton Locke* he describes what he saw with an accuracy as authentic as that of any historian of his day. The reviewers failed to distinguish between revolutionary socialism and Christian Socialism, and their remarks served as a sounding board to send Kingsley's message to the ends of the land and to cause thousands to read his books. In spite of their sneers and abuse, there were many thoughtful men who considered that this was one of the finest pieces of work that Kingsley had done, and there are some who still so believe.

The book was written during the stirring times when men of culture were awakening to their responsibility toward industrial problems and were coming close to the real workingman. The spirit of the times enters into the style, and the grim picture of the sweating system, the indignant eloquence of the author over the wrongs perpetrated upon fellow men—pitiable victims of a well-meaning but irresponsible gentry—has a compelling force even today. The book, as an autobiography, recounts the steps in the tragedy of a converted Chartist. If at times the purpose overrides the art, the book will survive as a piece of documentary history as fervidly conceived as the autobiography of one of the Chartists. The artisans of his day recognized it as a true picture of their class and circumstances, and the book had a wide circulation among all classes.

The dreamland in which the book closes had not materialized in England before 1854, and during that year Kingsley took the opportunity of writing another preface addressed to the Workingmen of England, with another edition of the book. When he became professor of modern history at Cambridge he again felt called upon to furnish another preface, subduing the rather harsh sketch he had given of Cambridge life in the first edition. These two prefaces and a Prefatory Memoir by Thomas Hughes of Charles Kingsley during the "Parson Lot" days were published in subsequent editions.

The hero is a tailor-poet of a mystic turn—*Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet* is the full title. He is sketched from his boyhood in a mean suburban quarter of the city, through his struggle for education and maintenance, which brings him into contact with the case of the toiling city masses, to his leadership of their cause, his advocacy of Chartism, and his final failure to realize his dreams.

When his Calvinistic mother turns him out for expressing contempt for her kind of religion, Alton makes his home with Sandy Mackaye, a bookseller, and under the tutelage of the keen, philosophical Scot, he becomes a widely and deeply read young man. Inspired by the Scottish bookseller, the young hero becomes a poet of the people around him and writes of the horrors of the sweating system and the other abuses that grind the poor.

During a strike of the tailors, Alton makes a journey to Cambridge to see his cousin George and to offer his poems for publication. Most important to him is his introduction into the home of Dean Winnstay, where he obtains new views of the aristocracy, of the clergy, and of his own class. He falls in love with Lillian, the dean's daughter, and because of her he allows his poems to be shorn of the burning passages that pertain to the upper classes.

Alton is almost weaned from his Chartism, but upon his return to London he is goaded back into advocacy of it by

the taunts of his friends. Again he strenuously champions the Chartist cause and commits an indiscretion in making a speech which results in riot and pillage. He escapes the gallows but spends three years in jail, from which he emerges chastened in spirit yet unreconciled to the existing social, economic, or ecclesiastical order.

There is a graphic picture of the defeat of the Charter, and of the bitterness attending the event. His cousin George has calumniated him and has thereby won the hand of Lillian. An altercation in the dean's London home culminates for Alton in brain fever. The days of convalescence are used as a means of converting him from his erring thoughts on things religious, political, and social. It remains for Eleanor, Lillian's cousin who has become a social worker among the working girls of London, to modify his views and to teach him that the upper classes can be as self-devoted and unselfish for the lower classes as any Chartist could be, and that the tie which binds both classes together is the tie which came from a common allegiance to divine leadership, creating a new church "of enfranchised and fraternal labor."

The story is full of the most vigorous and intensive preaching, and though it is frankly problem fiction it has its basis in actual men and deeds of the time. In this volume we feel that Kingsley is going to the very roots of the social problem, though we do not feel at the end that he has settled the question he raises. His office is that of the prophet, and he attempts to make others see what he has seen. His penetrating eye has looked into the dark corners of the city, just as in *Yeast* his sympathetic eye discovered the maladies of the rural population. His frenzied passion, if it sometimes wearies with its intensity, exposes with a ruthless realism the horrible evils of his time. This is probably Kingsley's best book, in the sense that it is most representative of the man and his message, though it is not his most artistic creation. It is intensely dramatic and in places decidedly thrilling; yet

the didactic element is so prominent that now and then we feel that the Church has borrowed the stage for its own ends and that the characters are prompted from the vestry.

Probably this is nowhere more patent than in the characters of the two heroines, if Lillian Winnstay and Eleanor Staunton are to be looked upon in that light. The dean's vivacious daughter and her more philosophical cousin are scarcely real characters; certainly there is an air of unreality about them. They do what they do for one purpose; they exist to teach Alton that while the upper classes are self-absorbed, some members of these classes are also self-devoted. Eleanor especially plays this rôle, giving herself whole-heartedly to the formation of a cooperative movement among girls in London, befriending Alton during his prison experience, and unfolding to him toward the close the author's ideal for the workingman. Lillian seems a little more human in that she exhibits a complexity of behavior that savors of life.

John Crossthwaite represents the "physical force" element in Chartism, and his friendship with Alton and his influence on the hero's development form one of the strong features of the book. It is he who takes Alton to his first Chartist meeting; it is he who teaches Alton his first lessons in social politics; it is he who accompanies the hero at the close, when all circumstances combine to carry out Kingsley's theories of emigration.

Besides Crossthwaite, who after all is a superior member of the "physical force" element, we have bold sketches of a more virulent type, such as O'Flynn, the editor of *The Weekly Warwhoop* (probably *The Northern Star*, the Chartist journal) in whom we see the Irish demagogue, Feargus O'Connor.

Over against the characters representing the "physical force" element of Chartism, Kingsley has drawn one of the most picturesque characters in this book, or in any of his

books—that of Sandy Mackaye, who in a way presents the political ideas of Thomas Carlyle. Lancelot Smith in *Yeast* and Sandy Mackaye in *Alton Locke* give us Carlyle's philosophy, and sometimes they are inclined to do so in words or peculiar expressions that are obviously Carlylesque. The old Scot, a bookseller by trade, is the forefather of radicalism. He has known the stirring days of the French Revolution, and has, for sixty years or more, through all kinds of difficulty, followed after liberty. Hope and despair seem hopelessly mixed in his soul. The facts of sad experience, of sagacity, of kindness, his pleasant humor and his Scotch accent, suggest some of Carlyle's traits. His thought, language, manners, and expressions are characteristic. Unmoved by any great worldly ambition, he gives himself generously to the need at hand. For the wretched and the ignorant poor he has great pity. He knows the necessity for moral reform; he knows that creeds are of little worth, unless they represent a faith that is thought through and freely chosen as the better part. He would like to make of Alton a champion of the people's cause, but his method is different from that of Crossthwaite, who advocates force. Mackaye would accomplish his work by developing in the boy a soul that is strong and clean, a mind well stored, clear not confused, that Alton might have a proper vision of social justice. He attends the gathering of the Chartists, but he does not give way to their flaming threats and plots. He hopes for success along a different line, and when he sees dissipated those hopes which he has founded on Alton Locke, it seems to him that there is nothing left for the people but disaster. He dies on the eve of April 10 (Chartist Day), prophesying the ruin of all his former companions.

There is much here that is in accord with Carlyle. Kingsley did not altogether follow Carlyle, but in his social ideas fixed his eye on the star of hope in the word Christian. While Carlyle offered little that was constructive as a corrective for

the ills of humanity, it is worth noticing that Alton says of Mackaye in Chapter XX: "Mackaye has nothing positive, after all, to advise or propound. His wisdom is one of apothegms and maxims, utterly impracticable, too often merely negative."

It is interesting to read Carlyle's criticism of this part.

Saunders Mackaye, my invaluable countryman in this book, is nearly perfect; indeed, I greatly wonder how you did contrive to manage him—his very dialect is as if a native had done it, and the whole existence of the rugged old hero is a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura. In both of your women, too, I find some grand poetic features; but neither of them is worked out into the "Daughter of the Sun" she might have been; indeed, nothing is worked out anywhere in comparison with "Saunders"; and the impression is of a fervid creation still left half-chaotic.

Although many of the more cynical reviewers of the day criticized Kingsley's conception of a cultured workingman in the guise of a poet, there is evidence enough that in the hero Kingsley was depicting real life. Various theories have arisen as to the actual character that served as model; but perhaps no more satisfying and convincing proof has been presented of an actual personage in Kingsley's hero than that offered by Louis Cazamian in *Kingsley et Thomas Cooper, Étude sur une Source d'Alton Locke*, wherein are drawn some striking parallels between the historical personage of Thomas Cooper and the career of the author's hero. The evidence for the conclusion is found in *The Life of Thomas Cooper by Himself*, published in 1872, and *The Life and Letters of Charles Kingsley*, published by his widow in 1877.

Kingsley's acquaintance with Cooper began in 1848, and out of that acquaintance there grew a long correspondence. During the time that Kingsley was going to Queen's College, London, to lecture, Cooper was attending meetings of Chartists and other reformers in London. Kingsley had been present in some of those meetings and had been impressed with

the intelligence he found in them. It may be that Kingsley had even heard Cooper speak at some of those meetings, but whether he had or not, we find him, under date of June 19, 1848, writing to Cooper a letter of friendly overture which leads further into intimate relations.

In 1848 Cooper was one of the most respectable and interesting figures in Chartism. After he came out of prison in 1845, he stood aside from the movement, though his prestige was not diminished and he had strong influence on the partisans of "moral force" as over against those of "physical force." There are many allusions to Cooper in *Alton Locke*, and Kingsley speaks of him in a letter as "a man of immense influence."

Cooper was born in Leicester in 1805, the son of a small dyer. Becoming an apprentice, he displayed an untiring energy in instructing himself, learning not only science, Latin, and Greek, but also Hebrew. Successively school-teacher, Methodist preacher, and journalist, he was indefatigable in his work up to 1840. In that year he was converted to Chartism, and his vigorous temperament carried him to the side of the revolutionists. Arrested for having excited a mob of miners to riot, in 1843 he was condemned to two years in prison. It was during his imprisonment at Stafford that he wrote his famous work, *The Purgatory of Suicides*, which was published in 1845 with the approval of such illustrious men as Disraeli and Dickens. Cooper was thereafter placed by the side of Elliott, above all the other popular poets from among the people. In Chapter XXVII, Alton says of himself:

I had been classed (and heaven knows that the comparison was dearer to me than all the applause of the wealthy) with the Corn-Law Rhymer, and the author of *The Purgatory of Suicides*.

When Cooper came out of prison his attitude was that of Locke; he had a preference for pacific means, and his change of political attitude separated him from the extreme faction

of the Chartist Movement. He employed himself in popularizing the sciences, in preaching freedom of speech, and in holding conferences of workingmen on Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, which Marian Evans had translated into English in 1846. He was doing this when Kingsley first met him in 1848. Here was the man that Kingsley needed—energetic and of grave character, given to meditation and leaning to moral suasion, a man of idealism and religious by nature, earnest and sincere in the spread of the negative doctrine of Strauss as he had been in spreading the positive gospel of the Methodists. As for himself, the social grudge had taken a most generous form. The honesty and sincerity of his conviction was the same now that he had shown as a minister. He represented the nobler element, the better class of workingmen, those who, in the mind of Kingsley, would be able to support and bring to triumph the Christian social movement. And so this man, who incarnated so well the great truths of Chartism, is disabused of revolutionary principles; force has lost its attractiveness for him, and he has learned by necessity to rely upon moral reform. His repentance, which perhaps was not complete, had not yet brought him back into the fold of the church, but he had returned to the doctrine of persuasion and pacific method; he was matured for the program of *Politics for the People*, the periodical published by Kingsley and his friends, in 1848.

Kingsley's knowledge of Chartism did not extend much beyond his experience of April, 1848, and just before writing *Alton Locke* he realized that he needed information which he did not have at hand. Of course he knew some things from observation, and *The Morning Chronicle* had been publishing articles by Henry Mayhew about the terrible sweating system in London. He knew much of the present condition, but he needed to know the history of Chartism from one who was on the inside and yet who could give him an unbiased opinion from both factions of the movement. Cooper seemed

to him the richest source of technical information to be had, and it was for this reason that Kingsley opened the correspondence with Cooper, June 19, 1848:

I want someone like yourself, intimately acquainted with the minds of the working classes, to give me such an insight into their life and thought as may enable me to consecrate my powers effectually to their service.

There are many references to Cooper in Kingsley's letters, and there is evidence that there was a sense of mutual obligation between the men. On December 6, 1849, Kingsley expressed his thanks to Cooper for light which the latter had offered to give Kingsley on the history of Chartism. The correspondence between the men resulted in the conversion of Cooper, but as that came about after the publication of the novel, it is merely incidental to our purpose. We are concerned here with the accuracy of Kingsley's information, and the thesis that the book had historical value, the accuracy of which is evidenced by the striking parallelism between the careers of Thomas Cooper, the poet, and Alton Locke.

The early boyhoods of Cooper and Alton Locke were similar. Cooper came into the world at Leicester, while Alton was born in London; but there is something analogous in the occupations of their fathers. Cooper's father was a small dyer; Alton's father was a small retail tradesman. The families of Cooper and of Alton were in dire straits, for the mothers of both became widows when their sons were yet small children. It became necessary for both boys to learn a trade. Alton was apprenticed to a tailor; Cooper became a shoemaker. Alton had a deep longing for study, suffered cruelly in his quest for knowledge, and was befriended by Sandy Mackaye, a bookseller. When his mother turned him out Mackaye took him in. Cooper, too, had a thirst for knowledge, though he had been more fortunate than Alton in that he had spent some years at school. While Alton was befriended by Sandy Mackaye, Cooper was helped by a Mr.

Lumley, a bookseller, who procured him work and set him to copying books in the British Museum. Both were reared on *The Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Bible*. Later Cooper read Byron and Burns, while Alton read Byron and Bethune and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Cooper committed most of that to memory and read Virgil's *Acneid*, as did also Locke.

Alton became a poet; he wrote verses in his childhood and later became the author of *Songs of the Highways*. He was too poor to publish his poems, but rich friends procured subscriptions for him. The book proved to be a success and our hero was honored by a favorable mention in the press, was recognized by the upper class, and was introduced to an ambassador, while the Chartist papers proclaimed the genius of a man from their own ranks. Cooper, too, became a poet at an early age, and later in prison he wrote *The Purgatory of Suicides*, a poem in ten books, in which famous suicides served for an introduction to the political and social themes of the Chartists. He found some difficulty in publishing his work, but Disraeli procured sufficient subscriptions for him and the book became a success. Like Alton, Cooper gained the friendship of many renowned persons and was introduced to the Countess of Blessington; Carlyle sought his acquaintance, while Wordsworth welcomed in 1846 the man who had been condemned to prison in 1843.

Alton Locke was made a Chartist by reason of his experience in London, where he was at once a victim and a witness of unwholesome social and economic conditions. He made speeches on behalf of Chartism, took an active part in the strife, and by his words stirred a mob to violence. He wrote for the papers and entered into relations with O'Flynn, the leader of the "physical force" wing of the Chartists, in whom we recognize O'Connor. Cooper's experience runs parallel to that of Alton. Out of what he saw and felt was born his adherence to Chartism. He openly preached physical force. His speech to the miners at Hanley was followed by a riot.

He was a journalist, with an important place in the press of his party, and his influence brought him into contact with O'Connor. In 1848 the Chartism of "physical force" had ceased to appeal to him. In this again he is in accord with Alton Locke.

Alton was condemned to prison for inciting a riot, and was transformed by his prison experience, by the influence of Sandy Mackaye, and by the spectacle of inward contention among the advocates of "physical force." For this he was denounced by O'Flynn. Cooper, too, came out of his prison experience a changed man.

I had kept aloof from Chartists and Chartism since my release from imprisonment, for I had learned that O'Connor, in a fit of jealousy, had denounced me.

These general resemblances are sufficient to disprove the verdict of many critics, that Kingsley's material was no more substantial than cobwebs.

It is more than probable that Kingsley had in mind Cooper's experience with the pastors in his Methodist circuit when Kingsley drew the picture of narrow-minded ministers and missionaries that frequented the home of Alton's mother. Cooper said regarding that experience: "I cannot help tracing that alienation to its roots in these harsh dealings from ministers and professors of religion." Alton Locke also said about his experiences: "My heart, my common sense, rebelled against it again and again." Alton's mother and her Dissenting ministers are portrayed as Calvinistic Baptists, while Cooper's unfortunate experience was with Wesleyan Methodists. The shift in personal assault may be accounted for on the grounds that Kingsley was annoyed by "the prevalence of the Baptist form of Dissent" in his parish, as his first letter to Maurice, in July, 1844, shows.

There are several other parallel incidents in the careers of Cooper and Locke, but certainly from this recital there is

ample reason for the belief that Kingsley drew much of a personal character from Cooper in response to his inquiry of June 19, 1848. Of course Kingsley must have had permission from Cooper to use any or all of this material, and it must be borne in mind that the *Autobiography* of Thomas Cooper was not published till twenty-two years after the appearance of *Alton Locke*. Further, while Kingsley drew upon the career of Thomas Cooper for many of the incidents in *Alton Locke*, he so modified many of them and fused them with his own imaginative conception as to make them legitimate material for a novel. These conceptions were born of a wide experience, gained from contact with or reading about the social and economic conditions of the working class. The personality of Kingsley—his realistic imagination, his lofty sentiments, his combative energy, his prophetic temperament—was able thus to crystallize this many-particled material into a story of intense vigor, which even today one cannot read without a thrill. Certainly, such a comparison vitiates the criticism that was made of *Alton Locke*, that Kingsley had absurdly descended into sentimental fancy in his choice of a hero and in the incidents upon which the plot proceeded. It gives to the book a permanent value as historical material, and students of social history will not conceive of it as “trash falling from the pulpit or the professional chair” whenever they wish to transplant themselves into the social and economic atmosphere of the mid-Victorian workingmen.

In this book the author makes clear his attitude toward the industrial and commercial middle class, which he denounces under the name of “Mammon,” borrowed from Carlyle. The person who symbolizes this is Alton’s cousin, George Locke. His career is depicted beside that of Alton’s, by way of contrast. He succeeds throughout, while Alton fails; a piece of good fortune has placed him where he is in contrast to his poor cousin. His father has prospered well in business, while Alton’s father had had but meagre success; and utilitarian-

Repetitions

ism had characterized his every word and thought and wish. George is patterned after his father, for he thinks of nothing but advancing his own interests. Of really less genteel make-up than Alton, interested not in the beauties of art but in the possibilities of promoting his social welfare, he inquires after the gentleman and lady who had talked to Alton in the Dulwich Gallery. We see him at Cambridge ingratiating himself with a rich nobleman, Lord Lynedale (Chapters XII and XIII). A skeptic at heart, he seeks ordination as a means of social advancement (Chapter XXIV). During the most dangerous period of the Chartist agitation, he pretends to have popular sympathies with the Chartists, and in one of their assemblies he listens to a speech by Alton (Chapter XXVII). From there he goes to the dean's house to misrepresent Alton in the eyes of Lillian, and to install himself in her favor. On the 10th of April he is enrolled among the defenders of order, encounters Alton, and says:

Listen, Cousin Alton! The strong and the weak have been matched for the same prize; and what wonder if the strong man conquers?

His cunning and his superior strength know no scruples.

Kingsley wished to overcome anarchy with a better order; so his optimistic justice brings about the ruin of the evil George. On the eve of his marriage to Lillian he is stricken with typhus. His beautiful coat had been made at Bermondsey, at the home of Downs, where it had covered the bodies of two children whom Alton had seen the night he visited those quarters. George dies, and as it was with Argemone's death in *Yeast*, so here the end symbolizes the providential affirmation of social solidarity (Chapter XXXIX). Incidentally, this picture of George and the thought behind the picture has something in common with that picture in *Past and Present* which Carlyle gives of the Irishwoman dying in Glasg w, whose wretchedness left her no recourse but to die and to infect the neighborhood with typhus.

Seventeen of you lying dead may not deny such proof that she *was* flesh of your flesh; and perhaps some of the living may lay it to heart.

In making his hero a poet from among the people, in recording his desperate efforts to secure a knowledge of science and to be sensitive to the best in art, Kingsley has been able, without sacrificing historical accuracy, to illustrate one of his favorite doctrines—the necessity, if beneficent sensations are to be cultivated, of placing beauty as well as truth at the door of the people. He shows us Alton standing before the picture of St. Sebastian in the Dulwich Gallery, moved to tears by the awakened sense of beauty but unable to analyze his feelings (Chapter VI). Alton exults over the green country that shows him, as it were, the clean face of God's earth (Chapter XIII). We have the account of Alton in the dean's home, with the esthetic effect upon him of art and music and of all the expressions of good taste (Chapters XV and XVI). We have, by way of contrast, the sordid surroundings that bred evil in the souls of men—the stifling work rooms with their evil effect on physical and moral welfare (Chapters II and III); the terrible picture of the sweater's den, turning men into beasts (Chapters X and XXI); female degradation effected by poverty (Chapter VIII); the cholera epidemic (Chapter XXXV); and other powerful scenes.

Kingsley here advances the theory that it is lack of education that separates the classes, and that this lack is the fault of the upper classes who have usurped the privileges of all by keeping the educational advantages to themselves. In the Preface addressed to the Undergraduates of Cambridge, in 1861, he says:

I have tried to express in this book what I know were, twenty years ago, the feelings of clever workingmen looking upon the superior advantages of our class. I cannot forget any more than the workingman, that the Universities were not founded exclusively, or even primarily, for our own class.

He brings the idea forward in the career of Alton. First we have the picture of the hero's unusual precocity and aptitude set against the dark background of his early disadvantages (Chapter I). We see the youth hungering for knowledge, gazing into bookshop windows, fingering second-hand volumes on the shelves in front, as he passes to his place of work (Chapter II). We see him reading by stealth against his mother's orders (Chapter III); and later spending long hours over the classics under Mackaye's tutelage. While he is on a visit to his cousin at Cambridge, we have this from his lips:

The truth is, I did envy those men. I did not envy them their learning; for the majority of men who came into my cousin's room had no learning to envy, being rather brilliant and agreeable men than severe students; but I envied them their opportunities of play—their boating, their cricket, their football, their riding, and their gay, confident carriage, which proceeds from physical health and strength, and which I mistook for the swagger of insolence. (Chapter XIII.)

In the next chapter, while discussing the exclusion of Dissenters from degrees, Alton says: "No, the real reason for our exclusion, Churchman or not, is because we are poor."

After reading *Alton Locke* we can make no mistake about Kingsley's ideas of democracy. The workingman must not be allowed to move out of his class, though his surroundings ought to be made more comfortable, and he ought to have an equal opportunity with his richer countryman of developing his mind. The workingman who made it his ambition to be something else than a workingman was a traitor to his class. He keeps Alton in his class in spite of opportunities to rise above the tailor's bench, and through plot and dialogue preaches his doctrine of social caste. He brings it out in the taunts of Alton's fellow Chartists, who drive the hero back into the ranks when the door is open for a loftier mode of life and expression of his powers. We could not

legitimately assign that sentiment to the author if in the Prefatory Memoir by Thomas Hughes we did not have a letter from Kingsley addressed to one of his critics, in which he says:

The moral of my book is that the working man who tries to get on, to desert his class and rise above it, enters into a lie, and leaves God's path for his own—with consequences.

Whatever might be said for it, that sentiment is not of the democracy which we know in this age, and in spite of Kingsley's repeated use of the term he assigns a content to the work different from that which we are accustomed to use. It certainly would have "consequences" if that theory were pressed to its conclusion. It would have left Thomas Carlyle a stone-mason and kept Abraham Lincoln a rail-splitter. In justification of his conception, however, we can say that he has artistically woven his theory into the story, and that though the book is full of preaching, there is nothing else quite so radical as this pressed upon the reader.

While Kingsley was not advocating workingmen leaving their class to raise themselves, he did plead for greater opportunities in order that they might rise as a class to the best that was in them. He had a strong idea of the due subordination of classes and of the worth of kings. Kingsley believed in differences of rank, social as well as ecclesiastical, and he believed this with the intensity of a bigot. The chapter entitled "True Demagogues" embodies these ideals. He was trying not to put down the true leaders of the people but to put them in their rightful place in supersession of the false demagogues. He felt that all men were equal, for all were brothers in the sight of God; but he realized that all men did not have equal capacities, and that some were fitted to govern while others were fitted to be ruled. The upper classes, on the whole, were those best fitted to govern.

In this book the author pleads the merit of the aristocracy

and endeavors to make Alton, as a representative of the working class, see all that the aristocracy may be as a guide and help. He is trying to show the good attitude which the aristocracy has toward the lower class, and there is some clever manipulation of events in bringing together social-climbing George, as a representative of the shop-keeping class, with Alton, representing the enlightened lower class, and the real aristocratic group in the dean's home. There Lord Lynedale defends his class to Alton (Chapters XIII and XIV). Later Lord Ellerton (formerly Lord Lynedale) is pictured as a representative of Young England, making a true communist village of his estate, making repairs necessary to the advantage of the poor, and establishing cooperative enterprises (Chapter XXV). When Lord Ellerton dies, Eleanor becomes the mouthpiece of Kingsley's prophecy of the coming social order (Chapters XXVI and XXIX).

(1859) In the discussion of the office of the Church and the duties of the clergy, Kingsley brings out the attitude of the Broad Church on matters of science and the phenomena of nature—the attitude of reverent inquiry. He accepted the theory of evolution, and he believed in the essential unity existing among the degrees of being. In the curious chapter entitled “Dreamland,” in which the author makes the passage from realism to symbolism, there is evidence of Kingsley's acquaintance with Darwin's *Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs*.

No other books have pictured the dark side of English society of that time more thoroughly than have *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*; and in this latter book as well as in the former the side from which Kingsley chooses to view the evil is that of domestic affections. To tolerate any condition of things in which the stability and health of the family life are impaired is to shake society at its foundations. The hope of society is in exalted family life, and the root of all that is

good in man lies in the purity of domestic affection. When, however, he makes the Calvinistic belief of Alton's mother the first cause of all the fanatical austerity and deprives the boy of natural affection, the loss of which added a maimed soul to a consumptive body, he is giving a caricature of Evangelical theology. Without defending high antinomian Calvinism, it is easy to point out that in Kingsley's day there were eminent theologians, preachers, missionaries, and laymen, in the Church of England and out of it, who cherished Calvinistic teaching, yet whose hearts were just as tender toward their children and toward all their fellow-men as was his; and that is saying much. Kingsley, however, had a strong antipathy to Roman Catholicism and to Dissenters of all classes, and he believed that whenever he had to hit a thing he ought to hit it hard.

The ending of *Alton Locke*, like that of *Yeast*, is vague and obscure. Yet, such as it is, the book crowns with dignity his social work. It recapitulates in brilliant pictures his bountiful idealism and that dream of Christian Socialism in which religious England may make the most of herself.

The theme of this book was also treated in other novels of that time. Disraeli wrote *Sybil* in 1845; Mrs. Gaskell wrote *Mary Barton* in 1848; Dickens produced *Hard Times* in 1854; and George Eliot, *Felix Holt* in 1866. All these novels treat some phase of the theme that occupies our attention in *Alton Locke*; yet none of them gives such an agitated expression of unrest or depicts with such vivid realism the stirring days of the "hungry forties."

The only book that bears favorable comparison with *Alton Locke*, in general fervor and sympathy born of first-hand information, is *Mary Barton*, which represents the sufferings of the toiling people with intense pathos, and gives us with touching simplicity many descriptions of the daily life of the artisan class in Manchester. Mrs. Gaskell brings the

reader into vital sympathy with the life portrayed and the problems involved through a plot which, though conventional, is well constructed. Her panacea lies in bringing about good understanding between employer and employee, though in the end she has the hero and heroine, in their search for happiness, emigrate to America. Kingsley's solution, so far as we have one in *Alton Locke*, is in a general spirit of co-operation in which the workingman shall help himself, though at the end we see the hero likewise departing for America.

It is worth noting that *Mary Barton* and *Alton Locke* were the only social novels to raise a storm of protest, and that six years later Mrs. Gaskell wrote *North and South* to offset any unfairness to the mill owners which *Mary Barton* might have seemed to present; and she desired that her two novels should be read together, in that particular.

Alton Locke is Kingsley's most characteristic book. How much it had to do with righting social abuses it is impossible to say, for there were other forces at work at the same time. That it profoundly affected England in her social thought is certain, for while the ideas were not new, the social gospel of Carlyle came with a white heat from its pages to the public and produced a reaction of resentment on one side and increased cooperation on the other. Frederic Harrison, writing in *The Forum* in 1895, says:

Of that small band, who stood alone amongst the literary, academic, and ecclesiastical class, Charles Kingsley was the most outspoken, the most eloquent, and assuredly the most effective. I do not say the wisest, the most consistent, or the most staunch; nor need we here discuss the strength or the weakness of the Christian Socialist reform. When we remember how widely this vague initiative has spread and developed, when we read *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* again, and note how much has been practically done in forty years to redress or mitigate the abuses against which these books uttered the first burning protest, we may form some estimate of all that the

present generation of Englishmen owes to Charles Kingsley and his friends.

If Kingsley solved nothing by *Alton Locke*, let us remember that the faint echoes of the reproach which the Chartists hurled at the aristocracy and at the Church are still heard today, and that Kingsley endeavored to summon the Church and the more favored classes to a sense of duty which even yet they have not altogether attained.

VI

TWO YEARS AGO

BETWEEN THE writing of *Alton Locke* and that of *Two Years Ago*, Kingsley had written *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!*; but as he here returns to contemporary life, this novel is placed in the logical rather than in chronological order. In this book there is evident a great change in the author's attitude toward the world. Eight years had not brought a complete social and economic regeneration to England. The laborers were not all properly fed, housed, or taught; domestic life had not been entirely sanctified, nor had rich and poor entirely settled their differences. However, if we can judge from the preface of later editions, Kingsley seems to think that England had moved a long way toward salvation, and that an economic and social millennium was in view. Strangely, he assigned the cause of this great improvement to the outbreak of the Crimean War—a crisis which had taught the upper classes their duty and had aroused the country from the dangerous slumber of peace-growing wealth. No historian will agree with this idea; indeed, historians pretty well agree that the Crimean War was a huge blunder. The point in question, however, is that Kingsley had changed his general attitude and had become decidedly optimistic; his health and prospects had cast a roseate hue over his work.

In this book it is the upper classes who remind the poor of their responsibilities; in *Yeast* and *Alton Locke* we hear nothing but grievances on the part of the poor. The majority of landlords were now only too willing to have their duties pointed out to them and to start the work of easing the

hard lot of their poorer brothers. The curates, too, were doing conscientious work and were gaining the respect of the people. We have, therefore, in this book three men of different kinds: the religious principle that possessed Frank Headley, that governed Major Campbell, and that was an impenetrable mystery to Tom Thurnall, marks the difference.

The scene of the story is laid on ground familiar to the author. We have here the recollection of his school days at Helston, where his love for natural science, especially botany and geology, had been fostered. Perhaps too much of this comes into the story. The year before the book appeared Kingsley had spent a delightful vacation with his friends Thomas Hughes and Thomas Taylor at Snowdon, and he assures us that he had tramped over every foot of the ground he describes in that part of the book which takes us into North Wales. Much of the inspiration for the book came from that holiday, and some of his pleasant verses are also connected with it.

Mr. Maurice Kingsley, in a short sketch of his uncle Henry, contributed to *The Bookbuyer*, says that his father wrote only one novel pure and simple, his other works being either historical novels or "Signs of the Times." What he meant by these expressions is not certain, but that he considered this his father's one great novel is evident. Doubtless he implied that this is not a purpose novel. An underlying meaning is not hard to find, but it is subservient to the story.

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The story opens in the village of Whitbury, where Tom Thurnall, the hero, and his cousin, John Briggs, are apprenticed to an apothecary. Tom's father is a doctor, a widower whose affection for his son is very deep, and who has some affection, if not admiration, for the more effeminate character of John Briggs, who wants to be a poet. Tom and John do not find each other congenial company and, after a quarrel, John disappears, leaving only the evidence that he

has gone to London, whose society and allurements he has long desired for himself.

Tom is educated for the profession of a physician at several of the best universities, but his restless nature will not permit him to settle down at any one place. He must see the world and learn life's mysteries; and so out he goes, taking with him no religion but his tender though undemonstrative love for his father. In all his journeys he is an eager student of men, their ways and their weaknesses. It is remarkable what he endures and lives to tell. He resists every influence that can soften his nature. Even his love for a beautiful woman fails to affect his hardness, though when the story ends he has learned his lesson, and has acquired something of the child's heart. The underlying purpose is, therefore, closely woven into the story.

Tom's father has lost his money, and is, moreover, losing his eyesight. When Tom hears of his father's condition he hastens to England, and when the *Hesperus*, on which he has sailed, is wrecked on the coast of Penalva, Tom is the only person saved. He owes his rescue to the beautiful and saintly schoolteacher, Grace Harvey. Unfortunately, when he recovers consciousness next morning he finds himself minus his belt and £1500; and after making a confidential inquiry into the circumstances of the rescue, it becomes clear to his worldly shrewd wit that either Grace Harvey or her mother has stolen his belt. Tom settles down in Penalva, determined to find out who has taken his money. Soon Grace discovers that she is under suspicion. The knowledge is a sad blow, for she and Tom have fallen in love at the first meeting, though neither has confessed to the other or even acknowledged it to himself.

Dr. Heale's surgery not only affords Tom a shelter when he is rescued, but becomes for him the means of his foothold upon the town and the medium of his health reforms in the village. Before long Tom is a busy country doctor and the

instrument for Kingsley's proposed sanitary reforms. The doctor preaches the gospel of cleanliness and neglects no opportunity to bestir the people—tenants and owners alike—to their responsibility in warding off a cholera epidemic. Much of the book is taken up with this effort, and the story weaves itself around the impending catastrophe.

Tom proposes first of all to become acquainted with Frank Headley, set forth in the early part of the story as a narrow-minded clergyman with High-Church leanings. Headley is an earnest, honest clergyman, well-meaning but somewhat effeminate. Jealous of every encroachment upon the domains of his parish, he looks with suspicion upon all Dissenting bodies as destructive schismatics used by the Evil One for the undoing of the true Church. He mistrusts Grace Harvey, is jealous of her influence in the parish, and intends to have her dismissed from her position as schoolmistress. He believes strongly in the celibacy of the clergy, and leans far toward other Roman doctrines. The development of Frank Headley's character, the expansion of his horizon, the humanizing of his sympathies, as he comes into contact with the manly purpose of Dr. Tom, until he enters heart and soul into the reforms and even braves death in noble self-sacrificing endeavor to carry relief to the stricken when the cholera comes, form a pleasant feature of the story.

When the epidemic is over we see many of the principal characters recovering their strength and poise among the Welsh hills, enjoying the sights of streams, valleys, and the beautiful Snowdon. Here Headley proposes to Valencia, Lucia's and Lord Scoutbush's sister, and is accepted. Here Vavasour becomes outrageously jealous of the gentlemanly attentions others pay to Lucia, his wife, and goes off in a mad flight which ultimately leads to his undoing. Probably nowhere has Kingsley set forth in more varied ways his doctrine of domestic felicity as it concerns the destiny of man.

The house party is broken up to give chase to the opium-eating poet, who flees from his own worst self. Here we are treated to a chapter entitled "Nature's Melodrama," in which the author has us follow the crazy poet up a Welsh mountain by moonlight, and in which Kingsley's pen paints for us pictures of clouds and mists, cross-effects and shades, thunder and lightning. Several chapters are taken up with the flight to London and with Tom's hunt for Elsley in the city's underworld. The chase after Vavasour, or John Briggs, leads Tom back to his aged father, and the story of the tender meeting is told in restrained language.

In a conversation which Tom has with Grace before leaving the seaside village she shows the keenness of her anguish over the suspicion which he has entertained toward her or her mother. Grace asks him to wait for thirty days, at the end of which time she will procure the belt and money from somewhere. She is beginning to share his suspicions of her mother and determines to keep close watch in an endeavor to obtain possession of the stolen gold. Thirty days elapse, however, and the stolen money is not found. Tom departs with heaviness of heart, but Grace continues her watch and finally rescues the money from her mother. She has redeemed her promise, but it is too late, for Tom is now off to the war. She determines to follow him and to present him with the treasure. She is persuaded to deposit the money and to take to Tom, if she can find him, the belt as a token of her redemption. She goes to war as a nurse, but she never finds Tom. She returns to Whitbury, where we find her taking care of Tom's aged and blind father, who has come to love her as a daughter. After two years have passed, Tom appears at his old home. He has been a prisoner in the hands of the Russians; and what all his journeys and wanderings could not do solitary confinement has worked toward the chastening of his spirit. He persuades Grace to stay and finish the work she has begun, and when she asks what work that

is he says that what she began in him the Russian prison experience has furthered, that he has been trying for years to find out which was the stronger, God or he, that he has been trying to find out whether he could not do without Him, and that in that prison he found that he could not.

In many respects this is one of Kingsley's best books, setting forth with a master hand the North Devon scenery, giving us beautiful pictures of Wales near Snowdon, descriptions of the sea in storm, of lightning flashes at night over the wilderness of the mountain-tops, of summer days on which the lover becomes eloquent, of little pools among the rocks revealing miracles of beauty to his microscope. The whole book is rich in active life and truth.

Kingsley looked upon Grace Harvey as the highest and best of all his creations. To most men she would be too other-worldly to be palpably attractive. She eludes our mortal conceptions and passes us as some prosaic Evangeline, for Grace and Evangeline each inspire a feeling that cannot be adequately analyzed. There is about Grace an air of unreality which makes us think that the author has pictured a being "too good for human nature's daily food."

On the whole, probably the best drawn character in the book is that of Elsley Vavasour. From John Briggs, the half-effeminate boy quarreling with Tom Thurnall, he has raised himself by writing poems, sinking under his pseudonym his original vocation of pill-dispenser, and has won the hand of the sister of Viscount Scoutbush. His poems bring little money, however, and poverty drives him to the west coast of England, where he settles with his family in Penalva on property of the bride's brother. While the town is in anguish over the wreck that has washed Tom Thurnall ashore, Vavasour watches the occurrence as if it were a picture, and collects material for a poem. In physical and mental attitude he stands there a lonely, isolated figure, because his own selfishness has separated him from human compassion and

therefore made him insensible to human need. Here in Penalva he works, impatient with his surroundings, diligent in his search for new material for his poems, tired of domestic life, neglectful of his wife and family. There is an admirably drawn picture of the slow advance of conjugal unhappiness—the petty quarrels, his contempt for his wife's domestic employment, her indignation at his resignation to her extremity, the cool reserve occasioned by the concealment of his real name, his silly jealousy ending in madness and flight, her constancy and fidelity by way of contrast—a picture that Kingsley nowhere equals except in Torfrida, the heroine of *Hereward the Wake*.

Tom Thurnall, too, was a favorite of Kingsley's but the author's taste in that respect must have differed greatly from that of many of his readers. Cynic and skeptic combined, he is crusted over with a selfish philosophy, which seems to grow harder as the story grows longer. He is a philosopher who has never understood the sentiments of his own heart. He impresses into his service every individual and every interest that come across his path, and in the doing of it he finds real enjoyment in playing upon the weaknesses and faults of others. He is shrewd but not crafty; he is cunning but not mean; he is selfish but not sordid. He is devoted to his profession, not because he loves it, but because he can use it as a means of social advancement. His fight with the cholera is not inspired by his love for the people of Alberalva, with whose stupidity he is disgusted; it is thrust upon him by his dogged pride in his own powers to meet it. Even when he learns of Grace's love for him, he allows his calculating ambition to drive him away, lest he be guilty of another folly. Tom is intended to be the embodiment of muscular vigor, but we are led to look upon him as a thoroughgoing, sentimental braggart, whose swaggering bravado fails to convince us of his real worth. The portrait was probably deliberate, for Kingsley was bent on revealing a man of great strength

and courage, virile and vigorous in many respects, but lacking that which only true religion could supply. He writes to a friend under date of March 19, 1857:

Many thanks for your favorable opinion of the book; but I fear you take Tom Thurnall for a better man than he was, and must beg you not to pare my man to suit your own favorable conception; but consider that *THAT* is the sort of man I want to draw, and you must take him as you find him.

In this book, through one character or another, most of the beliefs for which Kingsley contends in his other books are strongly marked features. Much of the teaching comes to us by way of implication. The healthy spirit of duty, courage, and submission runs here as through all his novels. The background of domestic felicity and man's chivalrous devotion to woman is seen as the prerequisite to social stability. Nature and science are the true revelation of a divine mind, and the closer we get to Nature's message to us the closer we are to the will of God for us. Before a man can be a good man he must be a brave man. This world, and all that belongs to us, belongs to God and not to the Devil. Calvinism is a detestable philosophy of life, and the doctrine of everlasting punishment is a libel upon God.

When a preacher tells people in one breath of a God who so loves men that He gave His own Son to save them, and in the next, that the same God so hates men that He will cast nine-tenths of them into hopeless torture for ever (and if that is not hating them I don't know what is), unless he, the preacher, gets a chance of talking to them for a few minutes—why I should like, Miss Harvey, to put that gentleman upon a real fire for ten minutes, instead of his comfortable Sunday dinner, which stands ready frying for him, and which he is going home to eat, as jolly as if all the world were not going to destruction, and there let him feel what fire is like, and reconsider his statements.

The processes of Providence are not to be found in any ceremonious observance of theological theories and psalm-chanting, but in the power granted to men to act with the laws of

nature in setting right the wrongs that have been wrought by human self-indulgence and sloth. To Kingsley the true task of the age is self-sacrifice in the cause of suffering humanity; not talk but work. Virile Christianity is expressed through the kind of work that Tom Thurnall would do in the way of sanitary reform, and not in the stiff dogmas of the unbending Headley. Indeed the advocates of each type need each other, and we see the results of their mutual co-operation in the new Headley and the new Thurnall. There is need for the work of Grace Harvey, but her superstitious motives need correction. We see Grace, therefore, gradually turning from the ranting Dissenters and declaring that she will henceforth enter no church but the true church—Kingsley's own Church. The Church of England contains all that is necessary for the spiritual welfare of the people, but she must be awakened to her responsibility and must express her spiritual life in wider spheres of activity. Kingsley is the strong churchman in this book, but he is the opponent of the High-Churchman. The latter he ridicules in Frank Headley, through the attitude of the people and through the mouth of the hero; and at last the author transforms poor Headley into a parson after something of Kingsley's own fashion.

If the author has sympathy with types in the church of his own order, he has none with Dissenters. In this book he is bitter toward those schismatic sects which work in the fields which he believes belong exclusively to his own Church. Just as in *Alton Locke* he caricatured the Dissenting bodies, representing Alton's mother as void of motherly affection because she could not reconcile such a feeling with her Calvinistic doctrines, and presenting the meanest tricksters and shams as Free Church ministers and missionaries, typical of Dissent, so here he paints the Free Church adherents as the wildest fanatics, a mixture of superstition and paganism, swayed only by ecstatic and hectic emotionalism, and void of any reasonable religion or rational ideas. Such frenzied folk may

have existed, but they were not typical; and so far as that is concerned, a large branch of his own church was as deeply intrenched in the doctrines of Calvin as any Dissenting body. If Kingsley had been unbiased he would have made that clear.

If it might be said that he was but serving the purposes of his plot by depicting an isolated instance in Chapter XVII, it would be difficult to explain why in many other places he takes a dig at Dissenting bodies, as in Chapter XXIV, where Tom and Major Campbell track Vavasour to his tenement room and the author makes Tom say, "I was afraid of some abject Methodist parson humility, which would have given the other party a handle." Kingsley seems to have rested his pen from his attack on Catholicism in order to employ it with more deadly effect upon schismatic Dissenters.

Here again, as in his other books, Kingsley is the forerunner of imperialism, as he sends his hero to the antipodes to make a fortune and to report that there are two jobs for every active man to do them. Kingsley was a strong advocate of emigration, and with Lytton, Reade, Trollope, and his brother Henry he did much to foster the imperialistic idea.

Powerful as the story is, and it is one of Kingsley's most readable books, its structure is not faultless. The author obtrudes his moral. He interrupts the narrative by profuse disquisitions and minute descriptions with agricultural, geological, and botanical details. We spend too much time gazing at atoms and minutiae under a microscope, when we are eager to follow the fortunes of human beings. The characters frequently hold long colloquies without furthering the story. In the conversion of Tom Thurnall there is an abruptness which is clumsy and inartistic. It seems like a fortuitous addition so to treat the muscular hero, and we should have preferred to see him led into the light by some more natural means than solitary confinement in a Russian prison. After all we like to see the drama on the stage.

There is a an interwoven, irrelevant, episodical plot of Stangrave, a wealthy American, and Cordifianna, *alias* Marie, which we have not mentioned because it is out of place in the book. Marie is a charming woman of mixed blood, whom Tom, in the courses of his wanderings, rescued from slavery and carried off to Canada. For one who has been a slave her education is most remarkable. Her appearance in England and Europe as a prima donna is ever more remarkable. Here she is followed by Stangrave, the New York merchant, whom she loves but whom she at first refuses because he is not doing anything to further the cause of the freedom of the slaves. If she had been in love with Tom, whom she admired and revered as a true friend though she did not regard him as a lover, there would have been some excuse for bringing her into the story and thus complicating the plot. Kingsley must take a fling at everything he cannot tolerate, and what greater evil can he attack than American slavery? The only semblance of unity the introduction of Marie into this novel can serve is that of purpose, which is to preach the gospel of work, for Marie will have no one who does not make his contribution toward righting the wrongs of the world. The book would have been better if the author had resisted his impulse to preach through these dragged-in characters.

There are two other characters brought into the story merely to allow the author to say a few things on art, and while they are favorites of Kingsley, they are intruders on the reader's interest. Probably Kingsley felt that he could do here what he might have done had he found time to write *The Artists* as a sequel to *Yeast*. The explanation may be found in a letter that Kingsley wrote to George Brimley, one of his critics, but the explanation does not alter facts for us.

Claude and Sabine are altogether imaginary. Ever since *Yeast* I have been playing with them as two dolls, setting them to say and

do all the pretty naive things anyone else is too respectable to be sent about, till I know them as well as I know you.

Here we have dissertations on pre-Raphaelite theories, but it is doubtful whether under the circumstances we have patience to absorb all that the "two dolls" have to teach.

Finally, a better title to the book might have been found. We have seen how the lapse of two years in prison made the difference in Tom; but as that is one of the most awkward turns in the plot, the title has no firm basis. Toward the close of the story the characters are turning their faces toward the Crimean War; one by one they go East. Whether it would be a more justifiable title or not, as a companion to his greatest novel of adventure, *Westward Ho!*, the book might, with some propriety, be called *Eastward Ho!*

VII

HYPATIA

AFTER THE writing of *Alton Locke*, Kingsley's work as a social reformer was over, though his interest in public questions was not entirely lost. In January, 1851, he wrote to Frederick Denison Maurice:

My present notion is to write a historical romance of the beginning of the fifth century, which has been breeding in my head this two years. . . . My idea in the romance is to set forth Christianity as the only really democratic creed, and philosophy, above all, spiritualism, as the most exclusively aristocratic creed. . . . It seems to me that such a book might do good just now, while the Scribes and Pharisees, Christian and heathen, are saying, "This people, which knoweth not the law, is accursed!"

Kingsley had long been attracted to this period because of the great issues it involved—the period of the downfall of the western empire of which Africa was a part, and the transformation of the western world by Teutonic immigration. The amount of reading and research for the production of the book must have been enormous. There are critics enough who find fault with certain points of historical accuracy, but there are testimonials of men like Max Müller and Chevalier Bunsen as to the fundamental accuracy of the great dramatic picture. C. Kegan Paul wrote to Mrs. Kingsley after her husband's death:

It was my good fortune to be staying with you through the summer in which the greater part of *Hypatia* was written. I was especially struck not only with his power of work, but with the extraordinary pains he took to be accurate in detail. We spent one whole day in searching the four folio volumes of Synesius for a fact he thought was there, and which was found there at last. The hard reading he had undergone for that book alone would furnish an answer to some who thought him superficial.

Besides a knowledge of history in this story, there is shown an extraordinary knowledge of human nature that makes the whole world kin and binds one age to another. It is not to be wondered at that one of the foremost scholars of that day remarked that he had been studying the fall of the Roman Empire for forty years, poring over Latin and Greek authorities that could throw no light upon his favorite subject, and that here was a man who had put it all into two volumes and had painted a picture of it besides.

Hypatia was first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, from January, 1852, to April, 1853. It appeared in book form in the summer, and had a varied reception. It made for the author enemies among the High-Church group, and it brought upon him the attacks of those who condemned it as an immoral book. Kingsley had the Tractarians in mind when he depicted the conditions of the Church in the fifth century (for in the Oxford Tracts he believed he saw "principles which, if once adopted, would sap the very foundation of the two divine roots of the Church, the ideas of family and national life"). It was the opposition of this group that prevented him from receiving the D.C.L. from Oxford four years later.

There is something of universal sweep about *Hypatia* that makes it timeless. It leads us back into the early ages of Christianity, while it holds that age before us as a mirror into which we look and behold the heart of man with its doubts, its shifting convictions, its sense of isolation and despair, or its attitude of hope toward the light that is ever breaking around us. The author here sets forth the teaching that Christianity puts life into philosophy, bringing home to the hearts of men the ideas of purity, which formerly floated vaguely in their minds, and hallowing all those social relations with which philosophy has always shown willingness to deal. But besides this he is concerned with certain prob-

lems of his own day and in the sub-title frankly faces contemporary foes.

We cannot be certain what lay in the mind of Kingsley as the basic thought of this book, for we look in vain for an explanation from him of the sub-title, *New Foes with an Old Face*; but if we have gone but a little beneath the surface of the story, we can detect a feeling for the transmigration of old errors, or of truths, into a later day, or the resumption of a battle against error and for truth that men had long felt had been settled for good. Like a river that suddenly passes into a cave and under ground only to reappear at some distant place, the current of the thought sinks in one age to arise in another. The sub-title, *New Foes with an Old Face*, might justify the suspicion that the author was mostly bent on illuminating errors of his own day by mirroring them in the confusion of the past. There may have been some particular contemporaneous adversary, other than the Tractarians, that he had in mind; but if so it is not made clear. What is obvious is the implication of recurrence of age-old problems, such as the clash between religion and philosophy, reason and emotion, skepticism and faith; and of the failure of any system of thought, however hoary and venerable with tradition, to satisfy the longings of men, keen alike in the fifth century and in the nineteenth; and of the failure, too, of even Christianity to work with beneficent power upon those who seize it only as a means of promoting their worldly estate, or who have embraced its symbols without assimilating its spirit. This accords with the doctrine he proclaims in all his other books. Here he is picturing with wonderful power the abhorrence he feels for that Pharisaic spirit which lies at the heart of religious intolerance and the fanaticism of those who corrupt their religion by attempting the works of God with the tools of the devil. Certainly he desired to point out the resemblance of those strifes of the past and of the present between faith and unbelief, and to in-

dicate that they were part of the timeless struggle that had been going on between the unregenerate, with their antagonism to the gospel, and the Christian Church with her message to sinful man. Kingsley saw thousands drifting toward Rome, which he believed meant sacerdotalism and Manichaeism, and thousands more sinking into despair and atheism or floundering in the shoals of skepticism, crying that the times were out of joint and longing for something that would put them straight.

He had the same thing in mind when he wrote *Yeast*, his first novel; but there is nothing yeasty about this romance. There is the same power and passion and pathos, but there is an evident unity to his purpose, a better discrimination of incidents to further that purpose, as well as a more artistic management of the dialogue. Perhaps that would have been sacrificed if he had drawn the analogy too closely, and doubtless he considered that the history he had revived for us would serve the ends of a parable which, like all good parables, would carry its lesson on the surface. Although in this book he is still conscious of the fact that he is a preacher, Kingsley does not allow his art to go on lame feet. If he holds up the follies of the past ages as a warning to his own, it is a positive message he has to convey. He sees the yearning of men in those days, like the longings of men in his own, answered only in the one great satisfaction of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which the Christian Church is commissioned to transmit to the needy. He sees the hungry asking for bread only to receive a stone. He believes in the Church, and there he is preaching his belief with a degree of consummate art, not unmixed with a certain fierce boldness. He brings into bold relief "all the meaner features of that corruption which had defiled the Church of the Fifth Century" and he indicates aright, too, the secret of her true strength. The Church of the fifth century in Alexandria was already under the domination of that sordid secularity

against which she hurled her own anathema. Saturated with pride, clouded with ignorance, divided by sectarianism, debauched by priestly covetousness, gloating in a certain sanctimonious pretense, she was a good mirror to hold up to his own age that it might see those not altogether unwarranted objections which the irreligious often bring against Christianity. These are the foes he sets forth, whether in the fifth century or in the nineteenth.

There is no dimness in the lesson he leaves as we close the book. Even a weak and wayward Church is better than open and flagrant atheism. If the Church does embrace those who cause her shame, she also points with pride to her sons who have lighted the path of civilization with pious zeal. In spite of all her disputes over doctrinal questions, too subtle and vague to be settled even by warring theologians of our own enlightened day, in spite of all the bickerings of fanatical factions which have impeded her spiritual progress through the ages, in spite of monstrous mistakes and at times of a stupid stagnation—in spite of all this, the Church has an appeal to the craving heart of man which no mere philosophical system can approach. To deliver that message to his own day, as he has done through the means of incident and character, illuminated by a style that lights up the fifth century Alexandrian period, where a decrepit Church and a decaying empire battle for the truth, is to serve not only his own age but ages to come. Dean Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, in the funeral sermon which he preached on Canon Kingsley in Westminster Abbey, said:

It was his moral enthusiasm, which in the pages of *Hypatia* has scathed with an everlasting brand the name of the Alexandrian Cyril and his followers, for their outrages on humanity and morality in the name of a hollow Christianity and a spurious orthodoxy. Read, if you would learn some of the most impressive lessons of Ecclesiastical history. Read and inwardly digest those pages, perhaps the most powerful he ever wrote, which close that wonderful story by

discriminating the destinies which awaited each of its characters as they passed, one after another, "each to his own place."

The story opens in the year 413 with the introduction of the young monk Philammon wandering among the crannies of the cliffs seeking fuel for the monastery to which he belongs, some three hundred miles south of Alexandria. Suddenly he comes upon a sight new to him—a temple carved in a sandstone cliff. The abbot of the Laura has forbidden him to enter that temple, should he come upon it; but a plentiful supply of fuel near by proves too tempting, and Philammon is soon gazing upon the painted imagery with a blended feeling of awe and curiosity. Sentenced by Abbot Pambo to confinement in the monastery for the rest of his life, Philammon pleads his innocence and begs to be allowed to go out into the world to preach to the millions who, without the true light, are sure to be doomed to burn forever in the fires of hell. Eventually we see him paddling his canoe down the Nile for the city of Alexandria, with a letter of introduction to Cyril, the patriarch. We see him dragged on board a boat of the Goths and thus brought face to face with a beautiful woman—Pelagia, who is to play a prominent part as the foil of Hypatia.

Meanwhile we are transported to a beautiful and quiet home in Alexandria where we listen to a self-pitying, despairing monologue:

Ay, to believe in the old creeds, while everyone else is dropping away from them. . . . To believe in spite of disappointments. . . . To hope against hope. . . . To show oneself superior to the herd by seeing boundless depths of living glory in myths which have become dark and dead to them. . . . To struggle to the last against the new and vulgar superstitions of a rotting age, for the faith of my forefathers, for the old gods, the old heroes, the old sages who gauged the mysteries of heaven and earth—and perhaps to conquer—at least to have my reward! To be welcomed into the celestial ranks of the heroic—to rise to the immortal gods, to the ineffable powers, onward, upward ever, through ages and through eternities, till I

find my home at last, and vanish in the glory of the Nameless and the Absolute one! . . . (Volume I, Chapter II.)

Here, in this meditation of Hypatia, we have the plot laid bare. Theon, her father, at this point makes a slight bow to the reader, mumbling some misty theory about the fourth dimension, and quickly passes out to make room for the Prefect Orestes, who has come thus early in the morning to ask advice of Hypatia as to how he should proceed in regard to a letter he has received from Cyril to the effect that the Jews are hatching a plan to slay the Christians. What would be his best course in subduing the fanatical Christians? Hypatia endeavors to persuade him that strife is inevitable, and that it is not only between Paganism and Christianity, but between philosophy and barbarism, and between aristocracy and the mob—"between wealth, refinement, art, learning, and all that makes a nation great, and the savage herd of child breeders below, the many ignoble, who were meant to labor for the noble few." Thus the author makes evident the purpose which he declared was his in writing the book, when in a letter to Maurice, already quoted, he said that he wished to set forth Christianity as the only really democratic creed and philosophy as the most exclusively aristocratic creed. Hypatia assures Orestes that this is the battle that he and Cyril must fight out, and the fight must be internecine, to which the Prefect answers that he expects every time he rides out to have his brains knocked out by some mad monk. To this Hypatia answers:

Why not? In an age when, as has been well and often said, emperors and consulars crawl to the tombs of a tentmaker and a fisherman, and kiss the mouldy bones of the vilest slaves? Why not, among a people whose God is the crucified son of a carpenter? Why should learning, authority, antiquity, birth, rank, the system of empire which has been growing up, fed by the accumulated wisdom of the ages—why, I say, should any of these things protect your life a moment from the fury of any beggar who believes that the Son of God dies for him as much as for you, and that he is your equal, if

not your superior, in the sight of his low-born and illiterate deity? (Chapter II.)

To this diatribe the author adds a note to the effect that these are the arguments and the language which were commonly used by Porphyry, Julian, and the other opponents of Christianity. Hypatia's advice to him is to disregard the letter from Cyril asking that a guard be placed over the Christians of that city. As the Prefect leaves Hypatia's home, he encounters Raphael Aben-Ezra, who accompanies him at his request to the tribunal. We are thus given a brief glance at this acute and cynical, philosophizing Jew, and see just enough to make us curious to see more. On the way to the tribunal Cyril is pointed out at a distance talking with a tall, evil-faced deacon or reader whom we are afterward to see as the brutal murderer of the heroine. Thus, at this rise of the curtain on the principal scene of the story, we have caught brief glimpses of most of the important characters.

We see the sleeping senses of Philammon aroused by the magnificent pageant of the decaying Roman world, and his mystical visions vanish in the garish light of a too brilliant intellectuality. Greek culture, Roman order, the splendid certainties of the pagan world fascinate a mind "half sick of shadows." Yet he is drawn to what is best in the old order. Its noble philosophy, its sane ideals, its fine temperance, seem embodied in Hypatia. In her lecture-room she expounds principles of religious philosophy, the fruit of a younger, purer, and brighter civilization. In Chapter VIII we have a reproduction of one of those lectures, in which she quotes from the sixth books of the *Iliad* and discourses on the divine harmony, the address being a good summary of Neo-Platonism, with which the book is largely concerned. Philammon attends the lecture and is later invited by Hypatia to her house. In his talk with the heroine he renounces his former beliefs, in a longing for knowledge of the scientific and philosophic

world, by which act Kingsley brings forward one of those new foes with an old face—the loss of youth to the Church through fanatical suppression of knowledge. Hypatia builds her hopes on the making of the young monk a worthy successor of herself. Here are contending forces seeking the consecration of the young man's powers—the old philosophy and the rising monastic church; in Philammon we see symbolized the battle of the age.

Jealousy of Hypatia's influence is rife in Alexandria among the followers of the bishop Cyril, one of the archfanatics of history. Greek intelligence is brought face to face with medieval blindness. The temper of the proselytizer conquers, because the spirit of the age is in its favor, while the Greek philosophy belongs to a dead age. Before the tragedy of Hypatia's terrible death at the hands of the fanatical mob, we have, in Chapter XXVIII, one of the most powerful passages in the book, in which Kingsley pays his respects to the doctrine of eternal damnation, for denying which Maurice, his teacher, has been dismissed from King's College.

The story closes with a dramatic incident on the housetop of the Goths' mansion, in which Philammon and Amal, the lover of Pelagia, battle to the death, and go over the side of the wall together. The monk is on top, and Amal makes his long journey to meet Odin. According to the pagan custom, his soul needs company on the way, to furnish which the Goths open the gates and let in the fanatical Christians who have killed Hypatia; and before long, with something of epic grandeur, one after another of the characters in this great pageant departs, "every man to his own place."

We turn from the reading of the story with a feeling that we have been in scholarly company and have listened to brilliant exposition of a by-gone age, with fitting application for the needs of the author's day, and yet with a feeling that the picture presented has failed to convince us of the power

of Christianity over philosophy. We are somewhat astonished that the author should assail philosophy by a picture of its best, while the record of Christianity which he sets forth as the conquering force is really a series of pictures of black crimes and atrocities. We understand that the author's purpose is to show that force and fraud cannot be wedded to Christianity without a baneful progeny becoming the resultant issue, but we cannot understand the logic that makes such corruption triumphant over the ancient philosophy which is pictured in a purer strain. If *Hypatia* gives us a true picture of Christianity as it existed in Alexandria in the early part of the fifth century, we believe it was triumphant over pagan philosophy not because of but in spite of the difference between them. However, in the picture of that life as Kingsley has given it to us, there is a vindication of the author's honesty in presenting a fair issue.

We recognize the almost insuperable difficulty under which Kingsley labored in being unable, on the ground of decency, to depict the more hideous features of the decaying morality founded on pagan philosophy. He might have shown how superior even the corrupt Church was beside the demoralization of the pagan world, if he had not labored under this disadvantage. He could have shown us what Christianity did, if he had dared to set before a mid-Victorian age what paganism really was. He had to be satisfied with slight touches and vague hints, and even these were seized by his foes as weapons to be used against him. The restrictions of good taste embarrassed him, and if we consider this criterion, to which he showed deference, Kingsley painted a marvelous picture of the ancient world.

Moreover, in spite of mastery of character and costume, the needful material for a drama, in spite of gorgeous descriptions, wonderful glimpses of thought and passion, in spite of individual scenes of thrilling interest, we are im-

pressed at times with a sense of vagueness, a lack of co-ordination and balance. The incidents are so numerous that they confuse the reader. Raphael's wanderings might be a story in themselves, and while they lead him back to the main scene of the action, they are at the time disconcerting, and make it difficult for the reader to concentrate on the real issue. The reader further feels that he is face to face with the problems of Kingsley's own day, and there is the added feeling that the spectres are not as dangerous as the author declares them to be. There are many passages in defense of marriage and family life, which the reader is willing to take for granted. To Kingsley the monkish ideas of the early age were being revived in his own generation and were going to drive the Anglo-Saxon race into convents and monasteries; to the modern reader it seems as if Kingsley shied at a shadow. There is no doubt that the problem was a real one to him and to many of his day, and the bitterness toward Kingsley which *Hypatia* engendered in the High-Church party, whose asceticism it attacked, is testimony to this reality.

There are some pathetic scenes that draw our sympathy for every section of life in that old pagan world—for Christian, Jew and pagan. When Wulf, the fine old heathen, having been persuaded to accept baptism, was in the act of stepping into the font, he turned suddenly to the bishop and asked where were the souls of his ancestors. "In hell," replied the worthy prelate. Thereupon Wulf drew back and threw his bearskin cloak around him. "He would prefer," he said, "if Adolf had no objection, to go to his own people." It is with scenes of this nature, with their most obvious implications, that Kingsley manages to enlist the reader's sympathies with Jew and pagan against the Roman Catholic, and even a footnote to the effect that this is actual historical fact does not change the effect. Such a picture is vivid and dramatic in setting off the character of the rugged and honest

Goth as well as in placing in bold relief a doctrine which he considered to be pernicious. The result, however, is at variance with his purpose, which is to reveal the superiority of Christianity over pagan philosophy. The reader's sympathy is with Wulf, and he feels that in the incident Kingsley raps his ecclesiastical foes so hard the whole Christian Church feels the impact of the blow.

There is little humor in the book; indeed, Kingsley portrays a world in which humor is not a conspicuous feature. He does approach humor and accomplish something that is most striking in realizing the Hebrew character in a manner that would do justice to Disraeli in *Coningsby* or *Sybil* or *Tancred*. George Eliot's efforts at this in *Daniel Deronda* result in a rather pale production beside Kingsley's portrait in this book. Raphael Aben-Ezra is a live man, with his wild wistfulness, intellectual activity, carping cynicism, self-indulgence, self-abasement, and robust racial pride. Descended from the blood of Solomon, rich, lazy, selfish to all appearance, but the person in whose soul and mind were surging most violently the struggle and conflict which are the keynote of the book, Raphael Aben-Ezra is a convincing figure and probably the most commanding one in the story. Shall the traditions of his race, the philosophy of the Greeks, the allurements of paganism, or the power of Christianity prevail over him? Kingsley here created a noble Jew; but, on the advice of his friend Maurice, he had the Jew converted to Christianity through the influence of St. Augustine. When he did so, Kingsley, writing for his own day, valued purpose more than art. Yet this portrayal of Raphael drew a letter from Thomas Cooper to the effect that Kingsley had therein shown how well he understood Cooper's spiritual state when he drew the character of Raphael Aben-Ezra. There is much in common between this cynical yet fascinating character and that of Lancelot Smith in *Yeast*.

In Pelagia we have another real character more winning

in many ways than the heroine of the story. Pretty, frivolous, pleasure-loving, childish, living unmarried with her honest but stupid Goth and yet unconscious of any wrong because she has never learned any better, displaying many elements of good that tell of the possibilities of her redemption, we see in her a character that faintly mirrors certain social conditions we saw in *Yeast*.

Poles apart from Pelagia, yet scarcely attracting the sympathy offered to the poor, ignorant Pelagia who lives the life of a wanton, is Hypatia, the heroine. She is beautiful and intelligent but disdainful and jealous. She attracts Raphael the cynic and Orestes the Prefect, but she scarcely wins their affections. What sympathy she elicits from the reader comes mixed with pity for her limitations in which her characteristic feminine traits are revealed, though the terrible spectacle of her death inspires compassion. Even here the reader is more stirred by the horror of the scene and the brutality of her murderers than touched by the feeling of pity usually engendered by the stories of dying martyrs.

Hypatia is a historical character. She was born in 350 or thereabout, and was murdered by a fanatical mob in Alexandria in 415. That would make her between sixty and sixty-five years of age when the end came. This anomaly does not matter so far as the story is concerned, and we should have been better pleased with Hypatia as a heroine if other deviations from fact had been indulged in to make her more attractive and better fitted as a heroine to hold the center of the stage in so great a drama. The book might have been even more commanding if Hypatia had played the part analogous to that which Savonarola played in George Eliot's *Romola*. In that case there would have been ample opportunity for all the background we now have given us of the fifth-century clash between paganism and Christianity, without the loss of interest which comes through a feeling of half-indifference fostered by the intellectual coldness of the

heroine. Furthermore, the clash might have been better symbolized in a person wavering between allegiance to the Christian faith and the light of the ancient philosophy, now growing dim.

Such a character existed in Philammon, who, as a young, untutored lad, came from the monastery that sheltered him from all contact from the world and all knowledge of its corruption. From this isolated position among monks who had taught him a false view of the world, of women, of art, and of all which we commonly regard as the essentials of culture, the youth goes to the center of learning, has his eyes opened to the beauties of the world about him, learns something of human nature, and finally wavers between the philosophical teaching of Hypatia and the ancient creed which he had been taught as a child. Had Philammon occupied a more prominent place in the plot the inner conflict of his soul would find a parallel in the larger clash of influences which the author has succeeded in setting before us.

When all has been said of what might have been done to make the drama more real, we are ready to pay homage to the genius that has produced as vivid a picture of the ancient world as literature affords. In spite of its shifting scenes of action, *Hypatia* conveys to us a unity of impression; and while we may not agree with Bunsen that Kingsley has hereby proved himself a dramatist worthy to succeed Shakespeare, we do believe that no other novelist has done more to make that ancient world live before us. William R. Greg, in *Literary and Social Judgments*, says:

Still, with all its faults, it is unquestionably a work of genius; but of genius in a hurry—of genius, as it were, shut up without fire or candle, like an inharmonious jury, and compelled to complete its task before it can regain its liberty. The general picture of those times is imperfect and confused enough, not from want of knowledge, but from want of care and patience; the view of the great struggle between Christianity and Paganism, when the latter was an effete

and dying unreality, and the former was insolent with rough young life and rampant with incipient victory—which offered so magnificent a subject for a pen competent to deal with it—is in our opinion most inadequately and mistily worked out; but, on the other hand, the extravagant follies and the brutal vices of the Alexandrian Christians, as well as the narrow bigotry, questionable motives, and unscrupulous violences of their leaders, are drawn with a powerful and unsparing hand.

Finally, as Kingsley mirrors his own age in the confusion of the past, so he seems to write himself into one of the unique characters in his story. In the chapter entitled “The Squire Bishop,” he apparently describes himself as well as Synesius, bishop of Cyrene, as:

One of those many-sided, volatile, restless men who taste joy and sorrow, if not deeply and permanently, yet abundantly and passionately. He lived . . . in a whirlwind of good deeds, meddling and toiling for the mere pleasure of action, and as soon as there was nothing to be done, which till lately had happened seldom enough with him, paid the penalty for past excitement in fits of melancholy. A man of magniloquent and flowery style, not without a vein of self-conceit; yet withal of overflowing kindness, racy humour, and unflinching courage, both physical and moral, with a very clear practical faculty, and a very muddy speculative one—though of course like the rest of the world he was especially proud of his own weakest side, and professed the most passionate affection for philosophic meditation; while his detractors hinted, not without a show of reason, that he was far more of an adept in soldiering and dog-breaking than in the mysteries of the unseen world. (Chapter XXI.)

We have said that the book is practically void of humor; but if this is supposed to be a serious description, it is a sample of unconscious humor. As Mrs. Kingsley tells us that Lancelot Smith in *Yeast* is a good picture of Charles Kingsley during his undergraduate days and implies that the portrait was deliberately drawn, it may be that the author consciously sat for his own likeness here. Whichever way we consider it, we see the nineteenth century mirrored in the fifth.

In *The Development of the English Novel*, Wilbur L. Cross says:

Hypatia still remains the sublimest subject that historical fiction has appropriated to its use—the death struggle between Greek and Christian civilization in the fifth century.

Oliver Elton, in *A Survey of English Literature*, says of it:

Kingsley's book and Pater's *Marius the Epicurean* are the only two English novels dealing with the early days of the church that have any claim to distinction; beside them *Callista* and *Fabiola* are poor, doctored, partisan things.

Callista—a Sketch of the Third Century by John Henry Newman is, according to the author's preface, an attempt to imagine from a Catholic point of view the feelings and mutual relations of Christians and heathens at the period described, the third century, just previous to the Diocletian persecutions. It was first published anonymously in 1855, but afterward appeared with Newman's name.

There is no hint of *Callista* being a reply to *Hypatia*, and there is no reason to question the statement that parts of the book had been begun some years before *Hypatia* appeared. The fact, however, that *Hypatia* produced a profound stir among the Tractarians, who had been led by Newman, and attacked certain phases of religious belief among the Catholics, whom Newman had joined, may have had some influence in speeding the book toward its conclusion. Its appearance so near after that of *Hypatia* might lead us to infer this. That Newman believed that Kingsley misrepresented the ancient Church in *Hypatia* may also be inferred from a retort which occurs in *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, where, replying to an objection by Kingsley to a sermon preached by Newman to "fanatic and hot-headed young men," Newman says:

Hot-headed young men! Why man, you are writing a romance. You think the scene is Alexandria or the Spanish main, where you may let your imagination play revel to the extent of inveracity.

The fine vividness of Newman's imagination is seen in many parts of the book in which he attempts to restore the past and to realize for us the meaning of those thoughts that sometimes pass like shadows in the mind. There is something striking in the picture of Callista, a Greek girl devoted to the traditions of her race, with the unrest of her heart and the craving of her mind for something more lasting and satisfying than the stray fragments of Greek philosophy which she has inherited. There is real pathos in the picture of the girl grasping at something that eludes her, like a child trying to catch a toy balloon, a wistfulness to her yearning, as she gropes amid hopes and moody misgivings in the chaos of her mind for a true faith which, while calling her, is not fully able to attract her—a pathos like that of Newman himself struggling for light when he wrote, "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom."

There is not, however, in *Callista* the large sweep, the great stage, the wonderful panorama that Kingsley gives us in *Hypatia*. The book is written on a smaller scale, and apparently with no other purpose than that of giving a picture of the Church during the early centuries from a Catholic point of view. Certainly only Catholics would be delighted with the closing chapters that record the miracles of St. Callista the martyr.

Marius the Epicurean is a spiritual biography of a Roman youth in the days of Marcus Aurelius. Though this book is the only one that critics have thought worthy of a place alongside of *Hypatia*, it would be difficult to find two books more unlike, contrasted as they are in spirit and purpose, as well as in style and method. As Kingsley paid his respects to Greek philosophy, and to the sanctity of life, picturing youthful life with its temptations and its opportunities in

the early centuries, and gave us suggestive lessons of the influence of Greek culture through the ages, so Pater, with keen insight and subtle suggestion, pictures the delicate periods of growth and development in a lad reared in a Roman court in contact with Greek philosophy and Roman culture. In Pater's book we seem to be walking through a forbidden hall of spirits; in Kingsley's book we feel that we are looking down on a world of real live men and women and are hearing the hum of busy, tangible life that is not gloomy and wistful but alive with the hopes and joys to be realized here and now. Kingsley writes with a freedom that is spontaneous; Pater's style, while it is preciseness itself, carries with it the earmarks of artifice. The accuracy of the scholar and the sympathy of the artist are, however, so apparent in *Marius the Epicurean*, and the spirit of poise and restraint is so evinced, that from whatever other point it may be viewed it cannot be regarded otherwise than as a supremely great work. While Pater's book winds through chapter after chapter with little apparent plot, Kingsley's book, with its broad sweep, sets for us a large stage on which we see portrayed the characteristics of a whole period without losing interest in the particular characters which form the dominant threads of the story. Kingsley's book is more epic in its sweep, more spontaneous in its style, more thrilling in its plot, more daring in its conception.

VIII

WESTWARD HO!

ON ACCOUNT of his wife's health, which had suffered from the dampness of the rectory at Eversley, Kingsley spent the winter of 1854 at Torquay, in Devonshire. The attacks of the religious press had alarmed the clergy of Torquay, and the author of *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, and *Hypatia*, unembarrassed by invitations to speak in various pulpits, was able to enjoy his vacation and to recover from the physical and mental exhaustion occasioned by the strenuous year through which he had passed. Out of this experience along the seashore there came sketches of natural history which appeared in *The North British Review*, but which later developed into *Glaucus*. In the spring, finding that his wife's health would not permit them to return to Eversley, he settled with his family at Bideford, where he began *Westward Ho!* The Crimean War was to him a cause of great anxiety. Kingsley came from an ancient family of soldiers, and the martial spirit within him prompted a desire to make a contribution to the cause. He felt that his country was fighting in a righteous cause, and though the outlook was dark, the winning of this war was sure to establish a lasting peace. The country needed to be spurred on, and every encouragement that could be given would be a real contribution to the great cause. His countrymen were looking for guidance and were beginning to bewail the fact that the great leaders of the past had no successors. Tennyson was telling the world that with the passing of the Iron Duke there went the last great Englishman who "stood four-square to all the winds that blew." England had

need of her Cromwells and the great men of the past. With wistful eyes Englishmen were turning to the traditions of the past when heroic actions had made the name of England great. The country needed to be awakened from her lethargy and shaken into some sense of her danger. From whatever angle Kingsley regarded the war, he was profoundly moved. In February he had written:

The Guards march tomorrow! How it makes one's blood boil! We send 10,000 picked men to Malta, en route for Constantinople, and the French send 60,000.

He had been urged by his friends to write some songs and stirring ballads for the soldiers, but this did not seem to him to be the appropriate thing. He did write some pamphlets and tracts for the soldiers and found a ready response from them. He felt, however, that something else was needed, and out of that conviction arose this, his most popular novel. To his friend Thomas Hughes he writes from Bideford under date of December 18, 1854:

As to the War, I am getting more of a Government man every day. I don't see how they could have done better in any matter, because I don't see but what I should have done a thousand times worse in their place, and that is the only fair standard.

As for a ballad—oh! my dear lad, there is no use fiddling while Rome is burning. I have nothing to sing about those glorious fellows, except "God save the Queen and them." I tell you the whole thing stuns me, so that I cannot sit down to make fiddle rhyme with diddle about it—or blundered with hundred, like Alfred Tennyson. He is no Tyrtaeus, though he has a glimpse of what Tyrtaeus ought to be. But I have not even that, and am going rabbit shooting tomorrow instead. But every man has his calling, and my novel is mine, because I am fit for nothing else. The book [*Westward Ho!*] will be out the middle or end of January, if the printers choose. It is a sanguinary book, but perhaps contains doctrine profitable for these times. My only pain is that I have been forced to sketch poor Paddy as a very worthless fellow then, while just now he is turning out a hero.

From this it will be seen that he had a message to deliver to his countrymen through his novel. Whereas in *Hypatia* he pictured an ancient period as a warning to the present, in *Westward Ho!* he sought to hold up the glories of a former day as an inspiration to the men of his own day. He had long been attracted by the achievements of the men whom Queen Elizabeth had gathered around her, and at one time he had expressed a desire to enshrine those worthies in a novel that would lift them out of their historical oblivion and make them typical examples of Englishmen at their best in all times. Other work had crowded out this ambition, but now the time seemed propitious and the leisure was at hand.

The novel was published in April, 1855, and while for the most part it drew very favorable comments from the critics, many of whom regarded it as the greatest historical romance of that period which had as yet been produced in England, it also found condemnation from others, some of whom were so antipathetic that they could see little or no good in anything that Kingsley wrote. *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1855, for instance, said of it:

His pictures of English society, feeling, and thought in the days of Queen Elizabeth, as given therein, are utterly at variance with historical record and with the voluminous evidence which is afforded by the works of the authors of that period. The whole novel is a huge anachronism; for the characters, except in name, belong to the age of Cromwell, and not to that of Elizabeth.

The criticism cannot be justified. There may be some historical inaccuracies, as we know that there is heightened color in the pictures; but if we can interpret history through the biographies of great men, as Kingsley believed, there is much justification for his treatment of the Elizabethan period. We have the impression of reading real history without losing interest in the story. We recognize the historical characters whose acquaintance we made in the history class,

but we see them as real men and not as mere figures. When we realize what a difficult thing it is to revive ancient times and characters and preserve the peculiarities about which there has been much discussion, we can appreciate the delineation of character, the vivacity of narrative, the entrancing description as well as the general correctness of historical statements. Very little of the correspondence of Kingsley succeeding the publication of this novel has been recovered, but in one letter, written to Mr. J. Cole, on January 7, 1866, he says that he wrote the book "without any access to town records, much more to state papers, chiefly by the light of my dear old Hakluyt," and adds that he endeavored to be as accurate as possible in his statements. Whatever one may say of minute inaccuracies, the general picture which he gives of that period corresponds with our knowledge of the problems which England faced during the reign of Elizabeth. The difficulties besetting that reign, the cunning and duplicity of Rome, the necessity for England to assume a protectorate over Ireland, Spanish jealousy of England's growing commerce, the splendid ideas of manhood and the spirit of adventure, though probably not un-mixed with sordid ambition, are placed before us with a master hand. It was a great conception of Kingsley to set that age of England's history before the lagging youth of his day, and then to call them to rise to England's great tradition.

The reign of Elizabeth was famous not only in the annals of literature, but in political history, commercial expansion, and maritime adventure. Henry VII and Henry VIII had not been blind to these interests, and during their reigns voyages had been made to Brazil by England's bold adventurers. During the reign of Edward VI the Newfoundland fisheries had been opened. Mary's reign was not noted for further extension of maritime service, though there was some progress in mercantile and diplomatic intercourse with

Europe and northern Africa. It was in the reign of Elizabeth that the country made great strides in this direction. It was her policy to make England a naval and commercial power. With scanty means at her disposal, she pressed the need upon her people and sought opportunities to prepare small squadrons and to place them in command of men whom she liked to make distinguished. Her efforts in this direction created a patriotic rivalry among Englishmen, and as a result we find English ships going into all quarters of the globe, as Don Guzman testifies from experience to Rose Salterne's father.

It was not a time of highly advanced civilization. Pirates infested the seas, and buccaneering was not confined to any one nation. The Moors were the scourge of the high seas, especially around northern Africa and in the Mediterranean. The Spanish galleys were crowded with prisoners from all countries, chained to a task from which the only deliverance was death. Kingsley's account of this in *Westward Ho!* is not overdrawn. Spain was exceedingly jealous of England's growing commerce, and the picture we have of the Rose in the sea fight is true to the maritime life of the time. There is some exaggeration in the accomplishment of the English, for they were not always victorious, nor were these men always as virtuous as they are here presented. It was John Hawkins who began the slave trade, when in October, 1562, he went to the coast of Guinea and by force of subtlety loaded his ships with negroes, whom he sold for a good price in Hispaniola, and appeared at home again in September, 1563, to be appraised a great hero. With Kingsley, we shall forget such exploits, as we pursue the story. They dampen our ardor and withhold interest necessary to a pleasurable reading of other doughty deeds, for it was a period in England's history when great men did great deeds. The story of the Revenge and its great fight is one of the high

spots in the patriotism of that period, and Kingsley, in Chapter VII, has made the great hero of that occasion, Sir Richard Grenville, live before us. He had ample record for the setting he gives to the worthy seamen of those days.

Nor is there any great variance between his account of the hostility existing between the English and the Spanish at that time, with the accounts we have in political and ecclesiastical histories. That enmity was occasioned not only by commercial rivalry, but also by the deep-grained religious antipathy of the Englishman toward Catholic subtlety. As a freeman, the Englishman felt himself a champion of the oppressed American native, and the histories of the time are full of the atrocities of the Spanish. Kingsley's record of those days from this point of view would not be called an exaggeration, though we recognize in it a fierce polemic. Nor is the religious attitude of Spain toward England overdrawn. Spain was the champion of Rome, now grown desperate in her attempts to recover England, which she had lost when Bloody Mary was succeeded on the throne by Elizabeth. Europe was to be either Catholic or Protestant; England was the champion of Protestantism, and we must take these facts into consideration as we read the story. There were many adventurers in those days whose records are unsavory, but they were not all bad; and Amyas Leigh is a picture of Kingsley's conception of what an Englishman should be. To that bravery, daring adventure, and concern for Protestant England, Kingsley called the youth of his day.

He intended to make the past a lesson for the present, and his purpose was not so much historical as moral. In picturing the wars of Elizabeth's time as an example of England's heroic past, he had no other purpose than that of patriotic inspiration; but he never forgot that he was a clergyman of the Church of England. He saw in the cun-

ning of the Jesuits, seeking to overthrow the established Anglican Church in Elizabeth's time, a warning for those who were unmoved in his own day by the great exodus which began with John Henry Newman and which was still going on when *Westward Ho!* was written. The worst features of Catholicism were therefore held up to view, and while the historical facts which Kingsley places before us are confirmed beyond question, the implication which the comparison of the problems of the two ages made was obviously biased by the author's polemical attitude. Doubtless Kingsley read much of his own prejudice into these men of the past, and it is this which makes the book objectionable to some Roman Catholics today. A few years ago in one of the Indian universities, which has a number of affiliated Roman Catholic colleges, the book was prescribed for the English division of the B.A. examination; but it had to be dropped on account of the strong opposition of the Catholic constituency. Kingsley was not unmindful of the better qualities of Roman Catholicism, but he felt himself called upon by the necessities of the story to picture the Spanish-American Jesuits and the Inquisitors in contrast with the great character of Salvation Yeo. In Chapter III, in referring to Eustace Leigh, he says of those Catholics:

But in justice be it said, all of this came upon Eustace, not because he was a Romanist, but because he was educated by the Jesuits. Had he been saved from them, he might have lived and died as simple and honest a gentleman as his brothers, who turned out like true Englishmen (as did all the Romish laity) to face the great Armada, and one of whom was fighting at that very minute under St. Leger in Ireland, and as brave and loyal a soldier as those Roman Catholics whose noble blood has stained every Crimean battlefield; but his fate was appointed otherwise; and the Upas-shadow which has blighted the whole Romish Church, blighted him also.

Three years after the publication of *Westward Ho!* Kingsley had in mind the writing of a book to be called *The*

Pilgrimage of Grace. He made a journey into Yorkshire to collect material, and on his return home a lady of an old Roman Catholic family sent him through a common friend some curious facts for his book, but she expressed the fear that his strong Protestant sympathies would prevent his doing justice to her co-religionists. He writes to Mr. C. Kegan Paul:

But let her understand—if it be any comfort to her—that I shall in this book do the northern Catholics ample justice; that Robert and Christopher Aske, both good Romanists, are my heroes, and Robert, the Rebel, my special hero. I can't withdraw what I said in *Westward Ho!* because it is true. Romanism under the Jesuits became a different thing from what it had been before. Of course Mrs. . . . does not know that, and why should she?

But I fear she will be as angry as ever, though really she is most merciful and liberal, at my treatment of the monks. I love the old Catholic laity; . . . but I know too much of those shavelings, and the worst is, I know, as Wolsey knew, and everyone knew, things one daren't tell the world, much less a woman. So judgment must go by default, as I cannot plead, for decency's sake. Still, tell her that had I been born and bred a Yorkshire Catholic, I should probably—unless I had been a coward—have fought to the last drop at Robert Aske's side. But this philosophy only gives one a habit of feeling for every one, without feeling with them, and I can now love Robert Aske, though I think him as wrong as man can be, who is a good man and true.

This question of Catholicism, polemically treated as it is, has only a secondary place in the author's purpose, and the book is less expressly didactic than any of his previous novels. He approaches the subject more from the artist's point of view and is desirous not so much of enforcing an argument which would have an application to a particular time and circumstance, as of depicting scenes and characters fitted to evoke universal admiration and of portraying those qualities of heart and mind which needed to be emulated in every generation.

George E. Woodberry, in Chapter V of his *The Appreciation of Literature*, says:

What makes literature standard is that it permanently embodies the national consciousness in its historic forms as each ceases to be contemporary and passes into memory. Standard literature is consequently always partially out-of-date and falls to the scholar or to the reader who desires to realize the past. It often happens, however, that standard literature long retains a living relation to successive generations by virtue of its containing some element that does not grow out of date, and literature is great in proportion as it contains this principle of life.

In *Westward Ho!* more than in any of his other novels, Kingsley attains to this standard, and when thus considered the book rightly deserves to be regarded not only as the most popular but as his masterpiece in fiction. He tells us in the early pages of this novel that he would stir our memory of the great heroes of the sea—Drake, Hawkins, Gilbert, Raleigh, Grenville, St. Leger, Cary—to whom England owed her greatness, her wealth, and her absolute independence. These men came from Devonshire, and here in the little village of Bideford the poet allowed them to play their history.

The hero of the story, Amyas Leigh, is recruited by Captain Drake, with whom he makes the voyage around the world. Upon his return we enter upon a series of Elizabethan pageants, song plays, and festivities, and are introduced to the brother of Amyas, Frank Leigh, who draws into the stream of the story those strangely compounded elements that make up the Renaissance: minute learning, fastidious personal honor, poetic fancy, brilliant wit. Amyas, Frank, and their Catholic cousin Eustace, with other young men of the town, form "The Order of the Rose," each pledging to seek out and to fulfill great deeds for the reputation of the fair Rose Salterne of Torridge, with whom they are all in love. Amyas goes to Ireland, and there takes a Spanish prisoner whom he sends to England. Here the real complica-

tion begins, for the Don, having nothing to do and having a knack of telling tales of his own valorous deeds, proceeds to win the love of Rose Salterne. Upon the return of Amyas to England he learns that the Spaniard has been ransomed and has left for his duties as Governor of La Guayra in the West Indies, and that Rose has disappeared at the same time. From that point, it is westward ho! for the Order of the Rose, and the story becomes a series of adventures in the west, a harrowing scene of the Inquisition in which Frank and Rose are burned at the stake, the escape of the others overland, their overcoming a Spanish crew with a few passes of the sword, and their ultimate return to the land dear to all English hearts.

But Amyas is not to remain at home for many months. News has reached England that the Spanish Armada is moving toward England, and Amyas now joins the fleet that moves out to engage the Spanish ships. Here all the famous maritime figures of the age are found, and Sir Amyas Leigh is now one of the commanding officers. In the battle Amyas meets his enemy and chases him around the island. At the self-same Point of Lundy where the Spaniard had eloped with the Rose of Torridge the Spanish ship is caught in a fierce winter storm, and the Don is taken by the elements out of the hands of the revengeful Amyas. It is then that our hero curses the fate which had prevented his becoming the avenger of his honor, and hurls his sword into the sea. He will not need it again, for lightning strikes his ship, blinding the cursing man and killing the faithful Yeo at his feet. We take leave of the blinded hero sitting on the Point of Lundy dreaming over the story that is now past.

And I saw him sitting in his cabin, like a valiant gentleman of Spain; and his officers were sitting around him, with their swords upon the table, at the wine. And the prawns and the crayfish and the rockling, they swam in and out above their heads; but Don

Guzman he never heeded, but sat still, and drank his wine. Then he took a locket from his bosom, and I heard him speak, Will, and he said: "Here's the picture of my fair and true lady; drink to her, Señors all." Then he spoke to me, Will, and he called me, right up through the oar-weed and the sea: "We have had a fair quarrel, Señor; it is time to be friends once more. My wife and your brother have forgiven me; so your honour takes no stain." And I answered, "We are friends, Don Guzman; God has judged our quarrel, and not we." Then he said, "I sinned, and I am punished." And I said, "And, Señor, so am I." Then he held out his hand to me, Cary; and I stooped to take it, and awoke.

The sub-title of the book is *The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh*, and as might be expected Amyas dominates the story throughout. A man of great physical strength, chivalrous valor, daring and courageous, he is yet modest and generous, often approaching magnanimity. Resolution, independence, executive leadership characterize his career. He is above everything else a man of action, and it is through his deeds that we see him. He is a strange combination of fierceness and tenderness, humility and pride, modesty and flippancy; and as a real man he contrasts with his brother Frank, who in spite of many noble qualities is a pedant who borders on the absurd. Amyas is a type, and yet an individual. Doubtless just such men as he existed in those days—rough, shrewd, resolute seamen who made Elizabeth's reign famous in maritime adventure. In a way he symbolizes the men who influenced the destinies of England in that great period. From the time we see him smashing the slate over the teacher's head, to the time we see him on the lonely rock and hear with him the poetic hush for which the closing chapter is noted, he was the center of the stage. It is through the character of Amyas Leigh that the reader's emotions are stirred time and again, wavering and vacillating from disgust to pity, from sympathy and admiration to sharp dislike and strong repugnance. It is

through Amyas Leigh that the author sets forth his ideas of manliness and religion; for the hero, with all his robustness, needed some supernatural experience to bring out the fine rich humanness of his nature. Yet it was especially through the presentation of this character that Kingsley came to be regarded as the exponent of "muscular Christianity."

Rose Salterne, the lamp about which the moths flit, is a girl who might have lived in any age. She is not without courage, for she dares to leave home, refuses to return with Frank and Amyas even when she learns of her danger, and prefers to burn at the stake rather than to turn Catholic. She is pleased by the attention of many, and is as fickle a flirt as Queen Bess herself; but unlike the great lady, she is not bothered about patriotic sentiments. We have practically nothing from her own lips by which to gauge her character; she is described as a village belle, courted by all the heroes of the Order of the Rose, as well as by many others of North Devonshire who do not enter into the story. She seems to have no particular outstanding quality to make her a mark of such affection; yet without Rose there would be no plot. We suspect that Rose lived in the nineteenth rather than in the fifteenth century; but if she were living today she would find her rightful company among modern "flappers."

Eustace Leigh seldom appears in the story, yet he plays a very important part. If it had not been for Eustace, with his love for Rose, his devotion to the Jesuit order, and his relations to Don Guzman, the voyage of the Rose would not have taken place. Kingsley meant him for a type; he is the Jesuit villain in the story, for it is through him directly or indirectly that the mischief is done. As a Jesuit, he is depicted as sneaking and treacherous, and as nursing his spiritual muscles for plotting against his country. He is a lustful

coward and lacks all sense of chivalry. Like a Jesuit, he follows his conscience, but such a conscience! Eustace Leigh, the Jesuit, is the foil of his manly cousin Amyas.

Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto is a type of the Spanish nobleman of the time. His egotism, national pride, avarice, and cunning are relieved by the commendable quality of dauntless valor. Kingsley cleverly balances his union of qualities, and draws for us a picture that closely accords with the facts. The quick-tempered and polished Spaniard shares with Amyas the honors of a bold adventurer. Without him the story would have ended when Amyas came home from his second voyage, Frank and Rose would have had a different fate, and the strange Ayacanora would not have appeared. He cannot be called treacherous, because his actions have about them a high sense of honor, and he displays a control over his feelings not usually accredited to the Spanish.

In Salvation Yeo we meet a type of the best English sailor of the time, a man full of tales, shrewdness, and rough eloquence. His finest qualities are portrayed through his actions, and we become thoroughly familiar with the man of daring and courageous spirit, of obedience and loyalty to superiors, of tender and chivalrous instincts toward women. On the sea, on land, in prison, in the galleys, in battle, we find him faithful to a promise and a trust. He is needful to the plot, for it is his knowledge that becomes guidance to the adventurers of the *Rose* in South American regions. He plays an important part in gaining for Amyas the reputation that led to his knighthood; and there is something pathetic in that loyalty which lasted until the same flash that blinded the hero struck down the hero's faithful shadow, Salvation Yeo. We are impressed with the genuine religious principles of the man, stiff and puritanical as they are. Beside him Amyas Leigh seems a sorry kind of Christian, in spite of the author's attempt to paint his hero as

great, good, and simple, though filled with a fierce, implacable desire for revenge. We have seen elsewhere that Kingsley had no use for Baptists, Puritans, or Calvinists of any sect; here he makes the noblest character in the book a Calvinist and a puritanical Baptist whose repentance, conversion, and faith he describes in these words:

Falling into very despair at the burden of my heinous sins, I knew no peace until I gained sweet assurance that my Lord had hanged my burden upon his cross, and washed my sinful soul in His most sinless blood. Amen. (Chapter VII.)

Ayacanora, who does not appear until late in the romance, and whom Leslie Stephen calls "a bit of rather silly melodrama," is not needful to the plot but lends interest to the story, bringing the romance to something of a satisfactory conclusion. There is about her life story and her helpless condition a uniqueness that brings a new interest into the story when she enters; and there is something fascinating about her half-savage nature and her faithful love for the fiery hero that lends charm to the romance. Ayacanora is a name given to this maiden by the Indians among whom she was stranded as an infant when a crew, of which Salvation Yeo was one, were captured by the Spaniards. Salvation Yeo's reason for enlisting with the *Rose* was to seek the whereabouts of this child. She might therefore, be said to have a minor connection with the plot, although that connection is overshadowed by the heightened color she gives to the romance. Amyas is at first more repelled by her Spanish blood than by her savage nature, and there is some satisfaction in seeing him at last come to the realization of a love that breaks all the barriers and is ennobling.

In spite of the convergence of these characters, the book is more a saga than a novel with a plot. It is a series of episodes which rise in power as the story grows longer; and the author's sympathy with his characters, whether historic or invented, is apparently real. About half the book is read

before we become conscious of the fact that we are entering upon a real story. Before that we are flitting about Ireland and the rest of the world getting ready to do something; then when the plot is laid it has a rather unconvincing basis. It is very doubtful if all the youths of Devonshire would fall in love with one girl, or that there was but one girl attractive to those worthies. Something more than the qualities of Rose would be necessary, yet this is the foundation upon which the plot rests. Then, of all those attractive young men, there is not one who, by either learning, bravery, or wealth, can win this pretty but commonplace daughter of the merchant. We feel that it is the arbitrary choice of the author rather than the natural inclination of the heroine that gives her to Don Guzman, the Spaniard. After her departure from home, her appearance in a most unlikely place lacks plausibility, as does the appearance of Eustace in the West Indies, playing the rôle of Iago.

The story of the "little maid" likewise lacks plausibility. It vies with that of Rose of Torridge for the honor of imparting the most questionable elements of romance to an otherwise thrilling tale of adventure. Furthermore, there is a mid-Victorian flavor to the quest that sends these doughty heroes to the antipodes in order to find out whether Rose is really married, and incidentally to find the wild girl who is to end it all with a romantic charm. The plot is not flawless, either in design or in execution, but dull must be the reader who finds the story dreary, even though the characters act the ideas of Kingsley's age rather than those of Elizabeth's day, and seem in their acting as inconsistent as Falstaff in love.

Kingsley again rings the changes on the theme which is dear to his heart and which finds its way into all his novels—the sanctity of the home. He may have taken a far-fetched way of preaching his favorite theme; but he leaves no doubt in our minds that this is his purpose. Through deed and

dialogue he sets forth that chivalrous devotion to women which is the foundation of the noblest civilization.

Another favorite doctrine of Kingsley and one which he desired to set forth in *Westward Ho!* is that of the sacredness of this life in all its relations—in its relations to the natural world no less than in its relations between human beings—and the certainty that the guidance of instinct, if followed, will lead the honest man to the development of his truest self, and if it be done half-consciously it will be done none the less surely. Apparently this is what he meant to show in the career of Amyas Leigh, and in the end he dramatizes the theory, which he gives us in the paragraph quoted. We do not believe that the theory is true, and some of Kingsley's sermons would indicate that he thought the theory needed to be supplemented with a bit of Puritan severity before it would be workable. He expressly says that Amyas was what he was because the Spirit of God was in him. Yet the doughty hero is filled with blasphemy, fierceness of temper, thirst for blood, craving for revenge. Probably the author had in mind his own day, when England had need not only of her Cromwells but of hearty common soldiers and sailors. He was a sort of Crimean War recruiting agent, and just as in the last World War preachers in England were proclaiming the doctrine that soldier and Christian were synonymous words, so Kingsley mixed an undue proportion of patriotic fervor with Christian theology. Amyas Leigh has always been regarded as the great exemplar of the "muscular Christianity" connected with the name of Charles Kingsley. He did not mean to imply that physical courage was any substitute for Christian virtue. He did mean to leave the lesson with his reader that manliness was perfectly compatible with Christian character. In one of a course of sermons on David preached at Cambridge to young men, Kingsley set forth some of those ideas which he endeavored to embody in his hero, Amyas Leigh.

There are those who say, and there have been of late those who have written books to show that, provided a young man is sufficiently brave, frank, and gallant, he is more or less absolved from the common duties of morality and self-restraint.

That physical prowess is a substitute for virtues is certainly no new doctrine. It is the doctrine of every red man on the American prairies, of every African chief who ornaments his huts with human skulls. It was the doctrine of our heathen forefathers when they came hither, slaying, plundering, burning, tossing babes on their spear-points. But I am sorry that it should be the doctrine of anyone calling himself a gentleman, much less a Christian.

Nothing, nothing can be a substitute for purity and virtue. Man will always try to find substitutes for it. He will try to find a substitute in superstition, in forms and ceremonies, in voluntary humility and worship of angels, in using vain repetitions and fancying that he will be heard for his much speaking; he will try to find a substitute in intellect, and the worship of the intellect, and art and poetry; or he will try to find it, as in the present case, in the worship of his own animal powers, which God meant to be His servants and not His masters. But let no man lay that flattering unction to his soul. The first and last business of every human being, whatever his station, party, creed, capacities, tastes, duties, is morality.

Amyas Leigh was in morality such a character. Kingsley preached this doctrine through all his books, but in *Westward Ho!* he presents it with the strokes of a master artist. Amyas is the type of the virtuous and unregenerate man who needed that something more which conversion could bring, and it should be noted that Kingsley does not finish with Amyas until the hero learns at great price that there is more to man than mere brawn and brain. In the process the softening influence of nature has done its work with the hero, and we see him stirred by tropical scenes into communion with the Creator of all. What nature began experience carries forward, until we see him toward the close of the story out on the cliffs of Devonshire, where the poor blind knight sees "the light that never was on sea or land."

One sees also in *Westward Ho!* the idea of imperial expansion. In all of his other books he has concerned himself

with the thought of emigration and with the call of duty to Englishmen to go forth and subdue the wild wastes of the earth. He brought out the idea in his sermons and lectures as well as in his novels. In this novel it is presented only by inference, seen by those who know Kingsley's works as a whole.

The one great charm which this book shares with all of Kingsley's writings is the beauty and brilliancy of its natural description. The South American river scenes are masterfully done, but the sketches of Devon landscape are even better. Bold, distinct, beautiful stand out those scenes which were his haunts as a boy, and which surrounded him during the writing of the book. Leslie Stephen has called attention to the difference between his descriptions of things at home and those in the tropics which he had never seen. The scene of the midday calm of the tropical forest in Chapter XXIII, while very impressive, is full of generalities, and might properly be called catalogue description. The scene above the Devil's Limekiln on the cliffs of Lundy, in Chapter XXXII, is description made from carefully selected details in which every word suggests a picture. This description is terse, alive, and dramatic. The last chapters of *Westward Ho!* are enough to justify the belief that the book will live as long as men read English; Kingsley never wrote anything finer than those pages, and no other English novelist has exceeded the beauty and truth of the description.

In this story Kingsley has not only made Drake, Gilbert, Raleigh, Grenville, Hawkins, and Oxenham, as well as other Devonshire worthies, live before us, and has displayed great skill in making his created characters illustrative of the social and national elements which made up Elizabeth's reign, but also has called the out-of-the-way and forgotten Bideford from its slumber to a place of renown. Kingsley's book aroused the young people of his day to a high pitch of patriotic fervor and brought to the author a fame and popu-

larity that exceeded the calumnies hurled at him because of his other books. One of the largest estates in the vicinity of Bideford was called after the title of the book, *Westward Ho!* Tourists visit the town today, not primarily because the mariners of Elizabeth's day lived there, but because Charles Kingsley glorified their history in his book. Among the things of interest these tourists see in Bideford is the statue of the author standing with his face toward the western sea, as if he would hail again those dauntless men of Elizabethan days who nobly answered the call of *Westward Ho!*

In this respect Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* did for the town of Bideford what Scott's *Kenilworth* did for the ancient castle. The tourists who visit that castle today do so, not because it was the home of Leicester which was visited by Elizabeth and her court, but because the "Wizard of the North" immortalized it in his Elizabethan romance. The two books give us supplementary pictures of that age.

Kenilworth presents a brilliant picture of the Elizabethan period, and from the novel we are enabled to visualize the real men and women who peopled it. We learn more about the court life, the vain, shrewd, flirtatious Queen Bess, her weakness and her strength, from *Kenilworth* than we do from Kingsley's book, but we do not realize the bold, adventurous nature of the men who made that period great as we do in *Westward Ho!* Both books picture historical personages with a certain accuracy that is accentuated by imaginative elements. The best scenes in *Kenilworth*, however, are those in which the Queen takes part, and when we have finished reading the book the foibles and follies of Elizabeth stand out above everything else. In *Westward Ho!* the character of the hero and the rough spirit of adventurous life are left with us as a lasting impression. Kingsley, to be sure, is often melodramatic; so is Scott. We sometimes grow a bit weary of Scott's notes and side issues;

with Kingsley we are always on the move. Scott's descriptions of historical personages as compared with Kingsley's are like steel engravings beside water-colored pictures—sharper but not so colorful; but when we come to descriptions of natural scenery, Kingsley takes the lead. Together, these books give us a vivid picture of Elizabeth's great reign, and he who would know the "Virgin Queen" and those who made her reign one of the highest peaks in English history should read them both.

IX

HEREWARD THE WAKE

CHARLES KINGSLEY came under the spell of the fen country when he lived as a boy at Barnack, Nottinghamshire, and without doubt he heard then the legends of the mighty Hereward. In his *Prose Idylls* he has given us entrancing pictures of that fascinating district which he learned to love during his boyhood. For the story of Hereward he does not depend alone upon what he heard of the legends, for he made many excursions to the fens during his residence at Cambridge as a student and later as professor of modern history. In the summer of 1848 he made an expedition to Crowland Abbey, near Peterborough, and was so impressed with the venerable abbey that he made its history one of the strong features of the story. Kingsley believed that the lowland people had never been fully treated in literature, whereas the highlanders were the subject and medium of all sorts of poetry. With patriotic fervor, a study of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and a good memory of things as he had seen them when a boy, he set to work to accomplish the task of bringing back the ages. This task he accomplished with extraordinary success, giving us a work of freshness and vigor scarcely inferior to *Westward Ho!* in picturesqueness and vividness of setting.

In a footnote to his preface, Kingsley tells us that "the story of Hereward may be found in the *Metrical Chronicle* of Geoffrey Gaimar and in the prose *Life of Hereward* (paraphrased from that written by Leofric, his house-priest) and in the valuable fragment of *The Family of Hereward*, edited by Mr. Thomas Wright." He followed the contemporary authorities as closely as he could, introducing only

what he thought necessary to illustrate the history, manners, or sentiments of the time. In this way he thought that he could best retain the flavor of a straightforward narrative of the hero. We are not, therefore, to look for a novel of complex nature, but are to follow a chronological account as if from the directness and sincerity of an onlooker. The accomplishment of such a task through the medium of pathos, humor, word-painting, and dramatic skill gives us an unsurpassed picture of those days when the Anglo-Dane and Saxon fell before the terrible Normans, and draws for us the portrait not only of "the last of the English" but of a peerless heroine, the recital of whose courage and fidelity and sacrifice would stir the emotions of any but the most phlegmatic reader. *Hereward the Wake* is more a prose saga than a novel or a romance. It is epic in its material, recounting the travels and daring deeds of the hero against the dark background of a Norman-ravaged England and describing the successes attending the arms of the little band of patriots in that fen country against the overwhelming force and the cunning and sagacity of William. It is certainly epic in its plot, which is nothing more than a chain of incidents. There is something epic-like in the depiction of the characters, who reveal themselves through open deeds. There is an epic spirit running through the book, a stern and rugged valor, a primitive simplicity in the emotions that move the characters toward their destinies. Here was an opportunity which the patriotic pen of Kingsley could not resist, and although *Hereward the Wake* is not one of his most widely read books, there are those who appreciate its merits and rank it high.

Hereward the Wake is the story of an outlaw, told in a patriotic and exalted strain and having for its basis the accounts of the hero Hereward mentioned in various places in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. The full title is *Hereward the Wake, Last of the English*, the sub-title referring to the

last stand of those stalwart Anglo-Danes before the superior skill of William the Conqueror in the eleventh century. Although in the course of the story we follow the hero to the north of England and to the south of Cornwall, to Ireland and across the seas to Flanders, the main current of the story flows around the fens and lowlands of the east central part of the country. It is here that the story opens and here that it closes, with the last stand against William the Conqueror. His deeds in Flanders are among the most interesting parts of the book, for we see Hereward the hero in war, the champion in jousts, the braggard at all times, even in love. Here he woos and weds the matchless Torfrida, whose devotion to the hero is the theme of romance that holds together the varied incidents in the book, and whom he was to neglect to his shame and loss of self-respect. "O woman! woman!" cried he, "I verily believe that God made you alone, and left the devil to make us butchers of men" (Chapter XXIII). So it would seem from that point on.

Kingsley tells in dramatic style how Hereward returns from Flanders and begins his daring resistance to the Normans, running the gauntlet of William's most skilful generals, and at last meeting and defeating the forces of the great master. The strategy and the daring of Hereward elicit the admiration of the stern Conqueror. The story of the defense of the camp at Ely, and the successes attending the arms of the little band of patriots in the fen country; the sacking of Peterborough by the Danes; the last stand made by Hereward in the forest, are all graphically described.

From here on the book is a sad story of disgrace for the hero, and a sadder story of anguish for the faithful Torfrida, pages of genuine pathos that carry the heart of Kingsley's philosophy—the story of how loss of self-respect is fatal to noble effort and means the loss of all that men hold dear.

One of the first characters we meet in this book is Lady Godiva, the mother of the wild hero. She is a historical character and according to other sources of information is pictured in the true light of the time. Lady Godiva, wife of Leofric, earl of Bourne, was the most saintly woman of her day, swallowing her pride and sacrificing her rightful convenience for the relief of her people. Her devoutness was of deep-rooted conviction, and her heaviest cross was the consciousness of her inability to redeem her wayward son. She displays moral courage of high order, though that moral courage, like her wayward son's physical courage, seems at times ill-balanced with sanity and judgment. Had it not been for her religious mania, Hereward would not have been outlawed. Thus she is necessary to the plot, such as it is. Her resignation to the trials of her changing lot are told with an uncommon strain of pathos, and her presence in the Abbey of Crowland forms a link in the persuasion of the heroine to leave the outlaw and take refuge in the venerable cloisters. We meet her seldom in the story, yet as we view the religious life of the period she seems a conscious background—a mixture of devoutness and superstition, with much that is to a modern reader both repelling and attractive.

One of the most attractively drawn portraits in the book is that of Martin Lightfoot, whose outstanding trait is loyalty. He has been a monk, but not by his own will. His father thrust him into a monastery at an early age, and Martin found the means of escape from the life of discipline. He furnishes no small part of the humor in the book, and acts as jester to and guardian for the wild and careless Hereward. He is bold, courageous, revengeful. He waits long years to meet his father, who once horribly abused his mother, and when the time finally comes he and his little axe, with which we grow all too familiar before the story is done, put the revengeful spirit into quick action. Martin's

knowledge of Latin, which he had learned at the monastery, also becomes a means of help to Hereward. His whole career and the better traits of his character are summed up in a single scene at the close, where we see him in a monk's garb, silently sitting with the dissevered head of Hereward in his lap.

One of the minor characters, but one worthy of mention, is Abbot Brand, uncle of Hereward. In him we see the best type of monk, stern enough to discipline when necessary, but full of the milk of human kindness. He rebukes Hereward, but helps him, nevertheless; and the courage of the man with a knight's heart and bearing, but with a monk's skirts and devotion, is seen in his daring act of knighting Hereward while the latter is still an outlaw. On that occasion Hereward says: "You are a good old uncle; why were you not a soldier?" The aged abbot laughs sadly and replies: "If I had been a soldier, lad, where wouldst thou have looked for a friend this day?"

The one character that commands attention, because of her relation to the hero and the heroine, is Alftruda—a vain, jealous, covetous, and deceitful woman. From the time that Hereward rescued her from the bear, when she was but a child of six, she has loved the outlaw. When later, in Flanders, she finds that her hero is married, she marries a man who can maintain her in her proper station, but she lets Hereward know that she still loves him. Indeed, she would have taken him from his wife then if she could. Her wily strategy, her underhanded plotting, her barefaced effrontery make her more than a match for the muscular hero, and as William's cunning in war overcomes the outlaw, so Alftruda's subtlety in love leads to Hereward's undoing. She is the typical example of Kipling's famous line, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." Alftruda is a type, for her kind, unhappily, belongs to no age.

This story abounds in bloodthirsty deeds and passion-

blinded monsters; but of all the cruel monsters pictured in the service of the Conqueror, Ivo Taillebois is the worst. He is described as a short-spoken, hard-headed, and hard-swearing warrior; and he is pictured throughout as a cunning rascal whose conscience sets no limit to his ambition. Shrewd, clever, sly, wicked, and brutal, he has no respect or reverence for the Church, no chivalry toward women, no honor that even infamous deeds can stain. Many of the cruel deeds are the fruits of his pride. He is low-born, and his pride is stung by his failure to achieve social distinction commensurate with his power and lately acquired wealth. Ivo may rightly be regarded as a typical character, for he has something in common with the Victorian middle class Mammon-worshippers whom Kingsley despised, and who are common enough today. The weapon of the newly-rich, however, with which they now set about humbling their social betters is not the sword but their wealth. Except for his lack of conscience, Ivo might be compared to Bois-Guilbert in Scott's *Ivanhoe*; certainly he is drawn true to the chronicles and the ballads.

Duke William of Normandy, known as William the Conqueror, is the outstanding historical character of the book. We have a good picture of his bravery, his cunning and subtlety in plotting, and his strategy in war and ruling. We have horrible pictures of cruelty in the means he took to subdue rebellion, and throughout the story the reader is led to loathe the daring but monstrous genius.

While opinions differ greatly on this book, some critics have considered it one of Kingsley's best; but because of the slaughter that is spread over almost every page, it certainly is not one of the pleasantest. As we read the story we are unconcerned about the historical accuracy of the account, for the author has taken the simple records of the *Chronicle* and animated them with a lively interest. Kingsley found Hereward a picturesque character in the old rec-

ords, and his genius has now made that picturesqueness immortal. In Hereward he found the English grit, valor, and courage, and all that is commonly regarded as distinctive of English character. Such a ready-made character is a gift highly prized by an Englishman of Kingsley's stamp, and he makes the most of the gift.

Here he has a chance to preach those virtues with which he endows most of his characters of the rugged sort. Courage is to him a divine fact in human nature, and in his various works he has striven to set it forth as a virtue not to be lightly regarded. He has shown a man courageous in one aspect and timid, bending, unstable in another. Kingsley forces almost all of his heroes to make good their heroism by some signal act of magnanimity, and here he has shown the negation of that; great strength, such as Hereward has, comes at last to nought, unless accompanied by a corresponding strength of character.

Fidelity to duty is another virtue that Kingsley extols in all his stories. We have seen it in Lancelot Smith of *Yeast*, in Alton Locke, in Tom Thurnall of *Two Years Ago*, and in the muscular hero, Amyas Leigh of *Westward Ho!* They all exemplify the principle that a man's duty is to devote himself to strict morality regardless of the looseness of his religious ties. This theme is renewed in Hereward, by way of contrast—the hero turning into a coward after demoralizing himself. The wild hero is pictured succumbing to a gradual erosion in idleness until the loss of that sense of duty means the loss of self-respect, and finally the loss of all for which a man is born.

In this book Kingsley seems to have no particular purpose other than the telling of a good story. Not that he does not utilize an opportunity of ridiculing the Church of Rome, but that he does emphasize the gift within him for telling a straightforward story without departing therefrom in order to preach. He is here not free from prejudice, but he is less hampered by it than he is in any of his other novels.

Kingsley is, of course, still interested in the Tractarian Movement, and in furthering the claims of the national Church. Whether he wrote of the fifth, eleventh, sixteenth, or nineteenth century, he could find an excuse for bringing in his opinions regarding the Roman Catholic Church. Here he saw a chance for emphasizing what he had written in *Yeast*, *Westward Ho!* and *Hypatia*, and accordingly we read in the preface:

Perhaps by no other method could England, and with England, Scotland, and in due time Ireland, have become partakers of that classic civilization and learning, the fount whereof, for good or for evil, was Rome and the Pope of Rome: but the method was at least wicked; the actors in it tyrannous, brutal, treacherous, hypocritical; and the conquest of England by William will remain to the end of time a mighty crime, abetted—one may almost say made possible, as too many such crimes have been before and since—by the intriguing ambition of the Pope of Rome.

Our expectation of anti-Roman sentiment in the story is fulfilled but not surfeited.

The division of interest between Hereward and Torfrida is capitally worked out. There is great art in the conception and portrayal of the remarkable heroine—a strange, complex, living woman, moving midway between superstition, religious devotion, and affection, picturesquely toying with rather than believing in sorcery, and exerting over the wild man with whom she is mated an influence that seems to flow from her real character. Kingsley has nowhere given us a more fascinating female character.

It might seem as if the seductions of Alftruda, who won Hereward away from his allegiance to Torfrida, were shown too abruptly. There does not seem to be enough preparation for that crucial step which comes upon the reader with the surprise of a sudden storm, though in the impulsive nature of the hero there may be some psychological grounds for the abruptness.

Here and there throughout the story there are put into

the mouths of different characters expressions that are of more recent source; but, on the whole, these are trifles, and the story has the ring of reality about it. The book is well proportioned, the principal scenes that advance the story being given ample space and told with a force and vigor that command the reader's attention to every line. The book is, indeed, in this respect, an artistic piece of work, and because it does not pretend to be a sermon it preaches its quiet and timeless lesson through the characters, the deeds, and the reactions of those people of long ago.

One of the pleasant features of the book is its humor. Kingsley's novels are not particularly noted for their humor, and some of them were written about ages that knew little of humor that we can appreciate. One might have thought that of *Hereward the Wake*, for it is a story of bloodshed and slaughter; yet we have here jokes, puns, delicious irony, unusual exploits, and unique situations that keep the interest while they lessen the intensity of the story. Some of the humor is of the forced type that makes us smile at the effort, as where the author, in describing Hereward's nervous state in following his wife to the monastery says that if tobacco had been used in those days Hereward would have smoked all the way there. Kingsley is not a Mark Twain, but he can make us smile now and then.

While the author has made copious references here and there, he has not made a mere history book in the form of a narrative. His smooth-flowing and vivid style has turned the old *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* into a thrilling story and turned back the clock nearly a thousand years. It is, of course, a story written by an Englishman for Englishmen, or we might say, for English boys. It is English in subject, spirit, and form, though the author does not dogmatize upon the characteristics of his nation as he does in his other books; he puts them into a story and allows them to speak for themselves, and thus he has unconsciously made them more

charming to all readers. He displays an extraordinary acuteness of historical sympathy, and when we have finished the book we feel that what Kingsley has done for us is of permanent value, teaching us that nothing in this world which human beings ever cared for supremely, thought about deeply, or loved truly can altogether lose its potent charm for us.

The one book to which attention might fittingly be directed by way of comparison with *Hereward the Wake* is Bulwer-Lytton's *Harold*, a romance dealing with the same period. Many of the same characters that play a part in Lytton's book are prominent in *Hereward the Wake*, and some of those which are just mentioned in Kingsley's book are outstanding in *Harold*. The family of Leofric and Godiva, of whom Hereward was the second son, is mentioned, but the name Hereward does not appear. We have in *Harold* a picture of the insipid Edward the Confessor which is only hinted at in *Hereward the Wake*; we also have a more satisfying picture of William the Conqueror, in which we can see even more than Kingsley gives us of the wily craft and the conscienceless subtlety of the invader. The story of *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings* ends with the battle of Hastings in 1066, while Hereward's dealings with William the Conqueror do not begin until after that date though *Harold* begins in 1052 and *Hereward the Wake* in 1054. Bulwer-Lytton gives us a more complete knowledge of the court life than does Kingsley, but his story drags until we are weary with waiting. We feel in *Harold* that we are reading history, and that a bit of romance is woven in with the intention of holding the reader with a universal appeal. If so, the appeal sometimes palls, and we wish time and again for a little of the dash and verve of the doughty Hereward. Probably no one would care to read either book twice, but were a preference given for a first reading, *Hereward the Wake* could rightfully claim it.

X

CONCLUSION

CHARLES KINGSLEY was a glowing flame that dazzled his day and generation and then burned out, all too soon. His influence is subtle, based in part upon his unique personality and in part upon his message. Although a disciple of Thomas Carlyle in social and political theory and of Frederick Denison Maurice in theology, he was a man whose independent mind and forceful personality made a peculiar contribution to the problems of his day. He was not a social democrat, in the way in which that word was understood in his day, but he had a spacious spirit capable of taking to itself the needs and rights of the lower classes. He was no revolutionist, seeking to destroy the safeguards of society; he believed as firmly as did Disraeli in the House of Lords. While not seeking to upset the social and political standards of his time, he called the socially privileged to the full and appropriate responsibility of their class. Kingsley was neither thoroughgoing scientist, nor theologian, nor historian, and though he did not hesitate to enter the domains of each, it was not as a final authority nor as an exact teacher, but rather as the fervid poet whose vivid imagination lighted up those regions of knowledge for the people about him, as the rising sun gilds the horizon and announces the dawn of a new day.

James Martineau, in *Essays, Philosophical and Theological*, says of Kingsley:

We have few greater teachers than Mr. Kingsley, yet none more certain to go astray the moment he becomes didactic. The truths which move him most he reads off at a glance; and the attempt to exhibit them to others as the result of intellectual elaboration natu-

rally fails. His genius is altogether that of the artist for the apprehension of concrete reality, not that of the philosopher, for finding in thought the grounds and connections of what he perceives. With rare qualifications for seeing, feeling, and believing right, were he to abstain from reasoning, he would not often be wrong. No living writer brings a quicker eye to catch the looks of nature, a humaner heart to interpret the tragedy of life, a devouter faith to hope for the good while contending with the ill. His descriptive passages have the smell of a new-ploughed field; his insight into the secret sorrows of the sceptic and selfish age is evidently caught through the manly tears of pity, and not by the dry stare of inquisitorial suspicion; and his aspirations after a nobler and juster society—however ill-defended from objection—are clearly the product of a healthy reverence for human nature and trust in the Living God. The very faults which attach to his productions as works of art arise from the intensity of his moral convictions and the obtrusiveness of generous sympathy, rushing in to disturb the dramatic impartiality of his representations. His ideal world—the type of character he loves, the spirit of life which he sighs to create, the religious faith to which he clings—we seldom find to be without deep truth and beauty; the admirations and aversions he awakens are essentially wholesome and ennobling; and if he errs, it is in fitting them on amiss to actual classes and persons little known to him by direct experience.

This is a just estimate of Kingsley by a man whose words are arresting because they are weighed in the scale of reasoned truth. It has been said of Kingsley that he at once sanctified literature and liberalized religion. It might be said further that his effort in all his works, varied as they are, was to sanctify the whole of life by showing men and women how they can best use and improve the mental and physical faculties God had given them.

Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch in *Adventures in Criticism*, in an article on Henry Kingsley, brother of Charles, says:

To put it plainly, I cannot like Charles Kingsley. Those who have had opportunity to study the deportment of a certain class of Anglican divine at a foreign table d'hôte may perhaps understand the antipathy. There was almost a certain sleek offensiveness about

Charles Kingsley when he sat down to write. He had a knack of using the most insolent language, and attributing the vilest motives to all poor foreigners and Roman Catholics and other extra-parochial folk, and would exhibit a pained and completely ludicrous surprise on finding that he had hurt the feelings of these unhappy inferiors—a kind of indignant wonder that Providence should have given them any feelings to hurt.

This probably expresses precisely what others have felt about many passages in Charles Kingsley's novels. There are times when he seems intolerant enough to be intolerable, for admirable as he is in his enthusiasm and advocacy of the poor, he sometimes displays a kind of sanctified prejudice that repels. But he has also a breadth of generosity as well as a gentleness that softens much that is offensive in his impassioned polemics. When we understand the man and realize his nobility of purpose, we are ready to make allowance for one who dares to look ugly facts in the face and say what he thinks of them. His mistakes are those of a brave man, carried away by the rashness of his own enthusiasm to stay the procession toward Rome, or to fling himself into battle beside the needy and woeful. His judgment is not unerring; his theories are not always logically sound; but in those verbal battles which he often closed with "I know I am right," there is something about his conclusions that is emotionally inspiring.

Kingsley's novels have been unfavorably spoken of by some critics as mere propaganda. It cannot be denied that they contain a large amount of doctrine and are infused with a polemic spirit. Two of them are confessedly polemical novels; the others carry much the same purpose in their underlying doctrine. Yet these novels of purpose are not void of art. All artistic creations are actuated by some mood and thus have purpose and doctrine worked into them. The very choice of the facts to be presented betrays moral intention. Purpose may be blended with character in such a way as to produce a sense of reality, or facts and statistics may be

presented so as not to obscure all sense of proportion. A novel may, then, be said to have both art and purpose. The works of early fiction are full of purpose, and although Fielding, Jane Austen, and Scott eschewed it, the tendency of the sober English mind was sure to revive it. Bulwer-Lytton, Disraeli, Dickens, and Charles Reade all show that the element of purpose in a novel is not necessarily prejudicial to art. Whether it is depends on how well the underlying purpose and the artistic instincts of the author are harmonized. Charles Reade, for instance, understood the nature of the criticism to which his work exposed him as an artist, when, in the closing lines of *Put Yourself in His Place*, he said:

Seeing these things, I have drawn my pen against cowardly assassination, and sordid tyranny; I have taken a few undeniable truths, out of many, and have labored to make my readers realize those appalling facts of the day which most men know, but not one in a thousand comprehends, and not one in a hundred thousand realizes, until Fiction—which, whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest, and greatest of all the arts—comes to his aid, studies, penetrates, digests, the hard facts of chronicles and blue-books, and makes their dry bones alive.

It must be admitted, however, that purpose is a dangerous element unless subordinated to the artistic element. In a writer given to exaggeration the danger is all the greater, because zeal for his purpose will then often outweigh the considerations of plot construction, the gradations of character, and even the refinements of taste. Furthermore, the novelist of purpose must be a constructive thinker, else his work may be marred by sentimentality. Undoubtedly, on these grounds, much of the criticism of Kingsley's two novels of obvious purpose was justifiable, and perhaps nothing better could be said than Carlyle's comment on *Alton Locke*, a "fervid creation left half chaotic." However, the polemical element in the historical novels is so intertwined with the characters and the settings as to form an artistic

creation. It is not in the main conception of his novels but in the execution and detail that Kingsley frequently fails to reach artistic levels.

In the mid-Victorian period there was hardly a question, social, political, or ecclesiastical that did not find some treatment in fiction, and sometimes the story was but a mechanical crutch for a sermon. Now and then a writer would make a story do justifiable service in depicting social conditions and in revealing certain definite attitudes of the writer toward the social problems of his day. Kingsley not only stood toward the forefront of these novelists of purpose, but in some respects he took bold flights above the heads of his more conventional contemporaries and introduced elements that were strangely new to them as material for the novel. While he agreed with them in formulating certain general truths as a sort of secular creed governing conduct, he denied that mere prudential maxims were sufficient for the whole conduct of life or that they could in any way ensure full satisfaction in man's life. Mere rules, he believed, were powerless to restrain desire or to inspire noble deeds. He did not ignore the natural religious instincts of man, but he insisted that religious teaching was necessary, and that man must be obedient to its light if he was to come to the highest expression of his powers. He saw men brave, courageous, moral, finding their completeness only when they embraced the Christian faith. Christian faith may lie hidden beneath cynicism, bravado, or classical learning, but it must come to light ere man may reach his full development. He was not content to view religion as a matter of social propriety; he confidently asserted that Christian faith was the only stabilizing force in the world. Whether he proved his belief or not, he had no hesitation in proclaiming it.

Yeast portrays a struggle between belief and unbelief, and a confusion of problems which can find their solution only in that mystic country of "Prester John" toward whose unfold-

ing ideal the mysterious and ubiquitous Barnakill directs the pursuits of the hero Lancelot. In *Alton Locke* we have a chaotic social condition that can be ordered only when the eternal principles of brotherhood become the working plan of all. In *Two Years Ago* Tom Thurnall, blunt, courageous, adventurous, moral, finds in the solitude of a Russian prison a conversion which all the influence of friends, trials, the High Church parson, and Grace Harvey have failed to accomplish. In the historical pageant of *Hypatia* we have the cynical Raphael seeking a religious philosophy that will satisfy his craving soul, and finding at last in Christianity that which not only satisfies but inspires him to make the most of the powers with which he is blessed. In *Westward Ho!* it is Elizabethan Protestantism that produces good men and inspires in them heroic deeds that forever are to glorify that age. In *Here-ward the Wake* the hero confesses that his weakness is due to the fact that he has never learned to pray as the Christian prays. Whether Kingsley writes of the fifth, the eleventh, the sixteenth, or the nineteenth century, he asserts that Christianity is the only adequate rule of life.

There was something in this treatment of Christianity in his doughty heroes that was novel to the critics of the day, and they did not spare the rod in dealing with a writer who dared present as the concomitants of real Christianity those characteristics of rugged life which they felt were inappropriate to orthodox Christianity. They did not understand how a clergyman could use his office to preach what they called "muscular Christianity"—a nickname which Kingsley emphatically repudiated.

Kingsley was rescued from doubt, and from what he described as a wild life, by the elevating influence of a noble passion—an experience that he enlarges upon in his novels. The best experience that can befall a man, he believes, is to fall in love with a good woman. This is not a new truth in our age, and was not taken for one in his, but Kingsley re-

peats it in many places and emphasizes its importance in his own life and career. "It is the central point of his doctrine," says one critic. "The love of man for woman, when sanctified by religious feeling, is the greatest of all forces that work for social uplift," is his own conviction. This belief, that man's rightful relation to woman will place him in rightful relation to the universe, gives a characteristic coloring to Kingsley's works. At least the theme runs both positively and negatively through *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, *Hypatia*, *Westward Ho!*, *Two Years Ago*, and *Hereward the Wake*.

In *Yeast* Lancelot is stimulated to seek a satisfactory solution of social problems through his love for Argemone, and *Alton Locke* finds relief for his wounded soul in the light that comes through his love for Eleanor. In *Hypatia*, we see the heroine elevating Philammon, Pelagia corrupting the Goths, and Victoria delivering from despairing cynicism the philosophical Raphael. The whole story of *Westward Ho!* is woven around the Order of the Rose, in which youths of lofty sentiment bind themselves to avenge the violated sanctity of the home. In *Two Years Ago*, Tom Thurnall, the weak curate, and even the dandified American, manage to save their souls by worship at the shrine of noble female character; while John Briggs, or Vavasour, forfeits his, because he has failed to appreciate the precious possession he had in the rare excellence of his wife. In *Hereward the Wake*, the wild man is strongly influenced by the love of Torfrida, but at last, because he has sacrificed a love that bound him to noble purpose, he falls into a snare that leads to his undoing.

Though it is too much to say that this is the one central doctrine in Kingsley it is not wandering from the truth to say that as a characteristic application of his teaching, it is woven through all his writings. The beauty and the sanctity of human relations, as he saw them, led him into an intense abhorrence of Catholicism, or at least gave him an excuse for his flagrant attacks upon the Church of Rome. In some in-

stances a no less sharp antipathy to Calvinism led him into caricaturing the Dissenters.

Kingsley's theology is a curious mixture of tradition and emotion. It would be difficult to construct any logical system of theology from Kingsley's sermons, addresses, and manifold letters on theological subjects. Bishop Boyd tells how he heard Kingsley remark, on being asked how this would go with that: "You logical Scotchmen must construct consistent theories: I have intuitions of individual truths: how they are to be reconciled I know not." He boasted of his purpose to interpret Maurice, and it is not to be wondered at if now and then he is misty. He held the Athanasian Creed, but he rejected eternal damnation; he treated the Bible in a free and reverent manner, though without anything like an adequate critical spirit. He profoundly believed that the Bible and science had no variance, and he encouraged scientific research. He believed in, and urged others to believe in, the theory of Darwin. His study of geology and botany was a study of details rather than of wide sweeps of knowledge, and through all his searching he sought to find the hand of God in the works of nature.

It cannot be denied that a large part of the Christian Church today stands on the ground which the Church in Kingsley's day occupied as its first principle—the ground of authority, of hostility to the inroads of science. The imputation may be denied that the Church is opposed to the advancement of science, but the findings of science have proved irreconcilable with the dogmatic assertion of an infallible guide, whether an infallible Bible, or an infallible Church. It is worth noting that Kingsley, while not strictly logical in all his implications, endeavored to show how a free mind could accept scientific truth without disloyalty to the truth with which his soul had long been nourished.

Though he was the one churchman eminent in his day who accepted the findings of science, it can hardly be said

that Kingsley made any great contribution in the way of reconciling science and religion. He never doubted that divinity is revealed to man in the things he can touch or see, but he believed that there is a much wider region which we can know only through contact of spirit with spirit. He revered Nature, but he revered more the will that is above Nature. His reverence for Nature was not antagonistic, but paid homage, to his faith in the supernatural. He planted his foot on firm ground when he endeavored to bring men to a loftier understanding, and with more profound philosophical insight he would surely have figured in the history of thought. As it was, he exerted no small influence in his day by appealing to practical men in their own language and blending the belief he sought to impart with the life they wished to attain.

Doubtless his poetic temperament affected his theology. It certainly inclined him toward viewing the world through the affections, and to do that systematically makes one a mystic. In spite of Kingsley's concrete language there is much of the mystic in his makeup. In 1854 he wrote to his wife, who was then away from Eversley:

That *Deutsche Theologie* is doing me much good. Curious it is that *that*, much as I differ from its view of man, is the only kind of religious reading which I love, or which has any real meaning for my heart.

Something in him found affinity with what the mystics offered, and yet he wondered why it was that he was so strongly drawn to them. That he did not altogether endorse this mystic theology is proved by his preface of a translation of *Theologia Germanica* by Miss Winkworth:

To those who really hunger and thirst after righteousness, and who therefore long to know what righteousness is, that they may copy it: To those who long to be freed, not merely from the punishment of sin after they die, but from sin itself while they live on earth; and who, therefore, wish to know what sin is that they

may avoid it: To those who wish to be really justified by faith, by being made just persons by faith; and who cannot satisfy either their consciences or reasons by fancying that God looks on them as right when they know themselves to be wrong, or that the God of Truth will stoop to fictions (miscalled forensic) which would be considered false and unjust in any human court of law: To those who cannot help trusting that union with Christ must be something real and substantial, and not merely a metaphor and a flower of rhetoric: To those, lastly, who cannot help seeing that the doctrine of Christ in every man, as the indwelling Word of God, The Light who lights every one who comes into the world, and is no peculiar tenet of the Quakers but one which runs through the whole of the Old and New Testaments, and without which they would both be unintelligible, just as the same doctrine runs through the whole of the Early Church for the first two centuries, and is the only explanation of them: To all these this noble little book will recommend itself. . . . Not that I agree with all its contents. It is for its noble views of righteousness and of sin that I honour it. (*Life and Letters* i 425.)

When such a practical mystic comes to write novels, it is not surprising that mysteries of the universe are solved for cynics like Tom Thurnall and Raphael Aben-Ezra, through the love they have come to know.

There is, in many parts of Kingsley's writings, a strain and a violence hardly compatible with the highest order of genius. Each of his books was wrung from him by an effort that left him in depleted health, and there are signs here and there of hysterical feeling. Whatever appears to him as out of harmony with his conceptions of right and truth receives from him a scorn that often exceeds the bounds of good taste. His sharp sting reminds us of that of Dean Swift; indeed, his excessive abuse of the Catholics and the Dissenters seems a magnified echo of *The Tale of the Tub*. This is probably what William R. Greg, in *Literary and Social Judgments*, had in mind when he wrote about Kingsley:

What unspeakable relief and joy for a Christian like Mr. Kingsley, whom God has made boiling over with animal eagerness and fierce aggressive instincts, to feel that he is not called upon to con-

trol these instincts, but only to direct them; and that once having, or fancying that he has, in view a man or an institution that is God's enemy as well as his, he may hate it with a perfect hatred, and go at it *en sabreur*! Accordingly he reminds us of nothing so much as of a war-horse panting for battle; his usual style is marvellously like a neigh, a "ha! ha! among the trumpets!" The dust of the combat is to him the breath of life; and when once, in the plenitude of grace and faith, fairly let loose upon his prey—human, moral, or material—all the Red Indian within him comes to the surface, and he wields his tomahawk with an unbaptized heartiness, slightly heathenish, no doubt, but withal unspeakably refreshing.

Kingsley's excessive restlessness is reflected in his style. He declaims his opinions; he does not reason. His sentiments and his antipathies hold him in bondage. When exaggerating a truth he leaves us with an impression the opposite of that which he intended. His polemical purpose, whether theological, political, or social, is felt not only in the facts he selects, but in the attitude that occasionally turns depiction into caricature. He feels so strongly that he does not always feel truly, and while his unrestrained emotion sometimes brings forth his best, it often becomes a snare that makes him reveal his worst.

In spite of these obvious faults, accounted for by the controversial purpose of his novels and the manner in which they were wrung from him, there is evident in all his writings a power that marks them as works of genius. Allowing for unrestrained feeling that makes for caricature and for overwrought sentiment that sometimes results in melodrama, there is yet enough of true vision and undeniable beauty in every one of his books to cause confusion among critics as to whether they are great books or merely books with a large element of greatness in them.

We have spoken of the article of William R. Greg, wherein he compares the temperaments of Carlyle and Kingsley, and in which he has some sharp criticisms of the literary

faults of Kingsley. It is but fair to quote the concluding paragraph of his article.

We have spoken freely and without stint of Mr. Kingsley's errors and offences, because he is strong and can bear it well; because he is somewhat pachydermatous, and will not feel it much; because it is well for a man who habitually speaks of others in such outrageous terms, to have his own measure occasionally meted out to him in return; because, also, one who sins against so much light and knowledge deserves to be beaten with many stripes; and because, finally, on a previous occasion we did such ample justice to his merits. But we should grieve to have it believed that we are insensible to his remarkable and varied excellences, or to part from him otherwise than in a spirit of thorough and cordial appreciation. In spite of much that is rant, and of much that would be twaddle if it were not so energetic, there is such wonderful go in him, such exulting and abounding vigor, and he carries you along with a careering and facile rapidity which, while it puts you out of breath, is yet so strangely exhilarating, that old and young never fail to find pleasure in his pages. He may often wander, but he never sleeps. He has, however, far higher claims on our admiration than any arising from these merely literary merits. And in an age like this, of vehement desires and feeble wills, of so much conventionalism and so little courage,—when our favorite virtue is indulgence to others, and our commonest vice is indulgence to self,—when few things are heartily loved, and fewer still are heartily believed,—when we are slaves to what others think, and wish, and do, slaves to past creeds in which we have no longer faith, slaves to past habits in which we have no longer pleasure, slaves to past phrases from which all the meaning has died out,—when the ablest and tenderest minds are afraid to think deeply because they know not where deep thought might land them, and are afraid to act thoroughly because they shrink from what thorough action might entail,—when too many lead a life of conscious unworthiness and unreality, because surrounded by evils with which they dare not grapple, and by darkness which they dare not pierce;—in such an age, amid such wants and such shortcomings, we owe a deep debt of gratitude to a crusader like Mr. Kingsley, whose faith is undoubting, and whose courage is unflinching; who neither fears others nor mistrusts himself; who hates with a destructive and aggressive animosity whatever is evil, mean, filthy, weak, hollow, and untrue; who has drawn his sword, and girded up his loins for a

work which cannot be passed by, and which must not be negligently done. . . .

Perhaps no one in English literature has equaled Kingsley in his ability to select vivid and picturesque details and in the power to place each detail with the precise word that will communicate to other minds the feelings that people his own; certainly no one has surpassed him in first-hand description of scenes he loved. It is said that John Henry Fuseli, the famous Swiss scholar and painter, on looking at Constable's picture of rain, reached for his umbrella. Kingsley could describe a foggy morning in such a way as to make you shiver as you read of it, or he could describe a tropic scene with such narcotic effect as to make you feel yourself being swooned away toward the land of the Lotus Eaters. Yet there is a certain animal vigor in all of Kingsley's sensations, a feverish ecstasy that is virile and authentic. The best passages in his novels are those in which he describes with the eye of a naturalist and the exuberance of a boy some aspect of forest and glen, some marsh or open heath which had once made an inexpugnable impression upon him. Frederic Harrison, in *Studies in Early Victorian Literature*, has given high praise to this quality in Kingsley's writings:

When one recalls all that Kingsley has done in the landscape of romance,—Alexandria and the desert of the Nile, West Indian jungles and rivers, Bideford Bay, his own heaths in *Yeast*, the fever-dens of London in *Alton Locke*,—one is almost inclined to rank him in this single gift of description as first of all the novelists since Scott. Compared with the brilliancy and variety of Kingsley's pictures of country, Bulwer's and Disraeli's are conventional; even those of Dickens are but local; Thackeray and Trollope have no interest in landscape at all; George Eliot's keen interest is not so spontaneous as Kingsley's, and Charlotte Brontë's wonderful gift is strictly limited to the narrow field of her own experience. But Kingsley, as a landscape painter, can image to us other continents and many zones, and he carries us to distant climates with astonishing force of reality.

Leslie Stephen also remarks on this aspect of Kingsley's work:

Concise His delight in a fine landscape resembled the delight of an epicure in an exquisite vintage. It had the intensity and absorbing power of a sexual appetite. He enjoyed the sight of the Atlantic rollers relieved against a purple stretch of heather as a conventional alderman enjoys turtle-soup. He gave himself up to the pure emotion as a luxurious nature abandons itself to physical gratification. His was not the contemplative mood of the greater poets of nature, but an intense spasm of sympathy which rather excluded all further reflection. Such a temperament implies equal powers of appreciation for many other kinds of beauty, though his love of fine scenery has perhaps left the strongest mark upon his books.

Kingsley's insight into the human heart was as accurate as his descriptions of nature. Moral earnestness is his most distinctive quality, but it cannot account for his popularity as a novelist. His extraordinary keenness of perception of natural beauty, his masculine appreciation of the joys of living, his noble sense of chivalry, were all blended with an unusual gift of sympathy that made him an artist. He saw disorder and unrest all around him, but he never lost sight of the blue sky above him. He saw in men even more than they saw in themselves, and he made his inspiring appeal to the hidden riches in human nature. He dealt with gloomy subjects but he did not treat them gloomily, in spite of the fact that there is to be found very little of real humor in his books. Few men have been able to descend into the source of sourness and cynicism, and then to ascend to the rarefied atmosphere of mystic contemplation, as Kingsley does time and again. He could enter into the hopes and the fears, the weakness and the strength, the sorrows and the joys of the most opposite of mankind. We may doubt whether Kingsley ever really grasped social problems with any degree of exactness, but there is never any doubt as to the reality of his sympathy. It was that sympathy at white heat that enabled him to do more, perhaps, than any other man of his time

to thaw the frigid sensibilities of his countrymen into congenial currents of activity.

Kingsley was ruled more by his political instincts than by reasoned principles, and these instincts were partly inherited and partly developed from influences around him. His father came from an old family that had centuries of aristocratic training behind it. The natural tendency of his development was toward feudal feeling and pride of dominion. He often spoke of democracy, but the word as he used it did not carry the usual content we assign to it today. His large sympathies led him to mistake brotherly compassion for real democracy, and to confuse pity with political creed. His aristocratic instincts gave force to his efforts when he engaged against the tyranny of shopkeepers; and much of the criticism of *Alton Locke* and his advocacy of Christian Socialism and cooperative movements, decrying him as a dangerous socialist, might have had a larger element of truth had it attributed his zeal to a peculiar combination of generosity and prejudice. He could feel keenly the wants of the poor, and strive to wrest from the middle class what he believed belonged to the lower classes; but he had no particular aspirations for the poor. Their wrongs made his blood boil, but their aspirations scarcely quickened his heart-beat. He wished for them contentment within their own sphere and thought it treachery for them to try to rise above their station. The feudal system in practice was the ideal for him; for even in his championship of the cause of the poor and in his work as a Christian Socialist, his hereditary tendencies inclined him toward a beneficent rule of the lower classes by the more privileged, who were the better equipped to conduct the government. He had strong humanitarian principles, but they were guided by aristocratic instincts. His theological conception of a great spiritual kingdom where all men were equal before God did not override his belief in the inequality of men before one another.

Sir Leslie Stephen has aptly pointed out the similarity and the divergence of the teaching of Kingsley with that of Disraeli in regard to the feudal idea. After stating the fact that Kingsley was not a genuine radical, he says:

Briefly, Kingsley's remedy for speculative error was not the rejection, but the more spiritual interpretation, of the old creed; and his remedy for bad squires and parsons was not disendowment and division of the land, but the raising up a better generation of parsons and squires.

There is a superficial resemblance between his theory and that of the Young England school, who, like Kingsley, would have restored the feudal system in a purified state. Some of his writing runs parallel to Lord Beaconsfield's exposition of that doctrine. The difference was, of course, vital. He hated mediæval revivalism as heartily as he hated the demagogues; and his prejudices against the whole order of ideas represented by the *Tracts for the Times* were perhaps the strongest of his antipathies. He looked back to the sixteenth, not to the twelfth century; and his ideal parson was to be no ascetic, but a married man with a taste for field sports, and fully sympathising with the common sense of the laity. The Young England party seemed to him to desire the conversion of the modern labourer into a picturesque peasant, ready to receive doles at the castle-gate and bow before the priest with bland subservience. Kingsley wanted to make a man of him; to give him self-respect and independence, not in a sense which would imply the levelling all social superiorities, but in the sense of assigning to him an honourable position in the social organisation. He was no more to be petted or pauperised than to be set on a level with his social superiors, or set loose without guidance from his intellectual teachers.

In *Essays in Little*, Andrew Lang makes the suggestion that Kingsley had "the brave, rather hasty, and not over well-informed enthusiasm of sixteen for persons and for causes." He is ready to fight any opponent who does not meet his standard of virtue and truth. He will even taunt his opponent with unhappy names and invite him out to prove that he is either "a fool or a knave." And when, as in the case of Dr. Newman, he is given a real dialectical drubbing, like a generous boy of sixteen he picks up his hat, pulls him-

self together, and goes his way, bearing no malice, and taking his defeat with good grace, inspiring in those spectators who stand by in curiosity the blended feeling of admiration and pity—admiration for the courage of his convictions, which after all is over cannot be said to be far from right; pity that so heroic a champion should be so ignominiously trounced.

If the virtues of a good boy were notable in Kingsley, so were the strong qualities of virile men. He hated cruelty, injustice, unfairness in any form. He was a strong patriot and loved England with a passionate devotion, and because he loved his country so fervently, he hated earnestly all whom he believed to be her enemies. He conceived of Spain as a barbarous, inhuman country working untold cruelties on poor Indians; he defended the Elizabethan attitude of England toward Ireland. He thought of the Crimean War as something that would usher in a new and better age. Most thinkers have regarded it as a colossal blunder.

Kingsley was proud of England's history, and never wearied in the recital of what Lang terms her "ancient graduated order of society, sports, military triumphs and patriotic glories." He shouted for England, the whole of England—her past, present, and future—and all that was of England he extolled, and what was not of England he apparently coveted for her. He preached emigration, and he was one of those who early fostered the imperialistic idea. Not only would English social and economic conditions be bettered for sending of Englishmen throughout the world to make their fortunes, but all the world would be the better, and civilization would be lifted to a higher level for their coming. Kingsley would have his readers believe that it is a gentleman's task to win new worlds for his class instead of brawling in overcrowded England. In all his books he spoke for his own generation, but the note he sounded has called his nation to a fruitful harvest in Britain's expanding empire.

His was a martial spirit; he was naturally a soldier. The spirit that should have gone into action went into talking, preaching, writing, to the delight and profit of thousands in his own generation and in ours. Kingsley would have made a great soldier or an explorer, but right where he was he gave us a picture of courage, manliness, chivalry. It is natural that he should sound those virtues in his novels, for the elements of romance and chivalry were marked features of his character. His enthusiasm was contagious and communicated itself to the young people who eagerly read his books; he recaptured for the youth of his day the chivalry of knightly ages which many thought beyond recall. He wrote about many ages, but in all his writing the present was ever before him.

If Kingsley inspired the youth of his day through his romances, he also pleased the children then and since with a clear and transparent account of *The Heroes* of ancient Greece. The book was dedicated to his children, Rose, Maurice, and Mary, and made its appearance at Christmas time, 1855. Three generations of young people have since found it fascinating, and the beauty and simplicity of the style have preserved it as a classic.

Later, in 1863, Kingsley wrote, nominally for his youngest son Grenville, *The Water Babies*, about which various opinions are entertained, one of which seems to be unanimous; viz, that the book cannot be generally understood by children. The first chapter introducing Tom and Grimes, the Squire and his little girl, is splendid; beyond that the fairy tale becomes a homily.

Come read me my riddle, my good little man;
If you cannot read it no grown-up folk can.

There are parts which Grenville could easily take in, and there are lyrical poems any child can understand and old people can appreciate. The purpose of the tale seems to have

been to adapt Darwin's theory of the natural selection of species to the understanding of children by giving it a moral and religious as well as a scientific application. The lyrics alone will save it from oblivion and cause it to be regarded as the supreme fairy tale of the language. In *The Water Babies* are such songs as "When all the world is young, lad,"—songs written to please children but which, according to some English critics, would still be regarded as exquisite gems had they not already been done to death by grown folk in drawing-rooms.

The verdict of time has placed Kingsley among the minor poets. It is interesting to read his words to John Ludlow, written in June, 1852:

I could not write *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and I can write poetry . . . there is no denying it: I do feel a different being when I get into metre—I feel like an otter in the water, instead of an otter ashore. . . . When I have done *Hypatia* I will write no more novels. I will write poetry—not as a profession—but I will keep myself for it, and I do think I shall do something that will live. I feel my strong faculty is that sense of form, which, till I took to poetry, always came out in drawing, drawing, but poetry is the true sphere, combining painting and music and history all in one.

His first published work, *The Saint's Tragedy*, was in verse, and in all his novels there are songs and lyrics full of humane enthusiasm, masculine vigor, and essential poetry with which the readers of Kingsley are familiar. A song should be simple, familiar, musically suggestive of a single idea; and in *The Saint's Tragedy* it is the presence of these qualities in such songs as "Oh! that we two were maying" that has made them popular. There is charming phrase and haunting melody in "The Sands of Dee" found in *Alton Locke*; there is fire as well as pathos in "The Bad Squire," which appears in *Yeast*. There is real poetry in "Rose Salterne's Song" and other verses in *Westward Ho!* Stedman says of Kingsley's "Andromeda" that it is an admirable composition—a poem laden with the Greek sensuousness, yet

pure as crystal, and the best sustained example of English hexameters produced up to the date of its composition."

The saying of Goethe's mother has become proverbial, that her son when he had a grief, put it into a song and so got rid of it. That spiritual quality seemed characteristic of Kingsley. It was during a period of convalescence, when melancholy seemed to possess his spirit, that he wrote in Denver, Colorado, the ballad, "Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree," the last poem that he wrote. When he was so viciously attacked for his views on Christian Socialism, following the sermon preached to workingmen from a London pulpit, in 1851, he went home and relieved his spirit by writing the song of "The Three Fishers." His songs are known to many who probably have not read a single novel of Kingsley's. How familiar are the closing lines of "A Farewell":

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

Kingsley's collected poems comprise a volume in themselves, yet there was more poetry in him than ever came out. He was too active a man to write much poetry. *The Saint's Tragedy* was written before he became involved in the social, political, and religious controversies, and the promise he showed then of becoming a dramatist of power gave rise to Bunsen's hope that Kingsley might continue Shakespeare's historical plays. Even had he possessed the intellectual genius to do so, the temperament of a man like Kingsley would have kept him from fulfilling that promise. Something of a deep critical discernment, of balanced temper and strict self-command is necessary to make a supreme dramatist. However, his very limitations of temperament, while interfering with his dramatic promise, made him a good lyric poet. Toward the close of his career he expressed his opinion that besides *Hypatia* his poems would probably be all of his literary work

that would survive. Happily, his prediction has not come true, and we believe that Kingsley has a place commensurate with his genius among the immortals. Some men's writings are the greatest part of them, and posterity studies their lives through a spirit of curiosity excited by their works. In a sense this is true of Kingsley, but in a truer sense many are reading Kingsley's literary works because of the indelible impression his personality made upon his fellow men, for whom, in all his activities, he labored. His life in itself was a poem of deep lyric passion.

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